JOHN BULL, MARCH 23, 1935

TWOPENCE.
Vol. LVII.
1501.

SCANDALOUS BUDGET SECRET SEE PAGE 9

JOHN BULL

Have a Capstan!

10 FOR 6D
20 FOR 11½D
Plain or Cork Tipped

-you'll like it better

For Pipe Smokers

WILLS'S CAPSTAN NAVY CUT TOBACCO
READY RUBBED
2-OZ. POCKET AIRTIGHT TIN 2/2

Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland). Ltd.

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YOUR OPPORTUNITY!

Lucrative spare-time occupation for men in regular work to represent one of London's oldest cash and credit houses supplying the finest values in Drapery, Clothing, Footwear, Household Goods, Toys, Jewellery, etc. Dignified, pleasant work, generous terms, no outlay. Wonderful range of samples supplied. Experience quite unnecessary. Every support given. Acknowledged the best steady spare-time agency of all. Early application advisable. Write for details NOW to: The Staff Manager,

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Two Super quality All Wool Blankets, 90 x 100in., weight 6lb pr. Two Fleecy Blankets, 66x90in. 4lb. pair. Two Grey Bolton Twill Hemmed Sheets, 70 x 90in. 4lb pair. One Fadeless Alhambra Hemmed Quilt, 71 x 94in. Bleached Damask Table Cloth, 54x54in. Two Pillow Cases, 30x36. Bolster Case, 36x60in. Important—We include a 16-PIECE CUTLERY SERVICE:—6 Sheffield Stainless Steel Knives, 6 Dessert Forks, 6 Dessert Spoons, & 6 Tea Spoons. Wear like silver. Catalogue Free. Terms 5/- then 10/- monthly.

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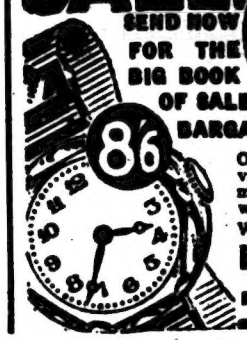

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Nervous Breakdown, Brain Fag, Loss of Memory, Debility and Neurasthenia are quickly banished by

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the greatest of all mind and nerve tonics. Make you brighter in an hour and feel a new man or woman in two days. Dispel Absent Mindedness, Fear of Failure, Irritability, Lassitude, Neurasthenia, Run-down Conditions, Sleeplessness. Doctors prescribe "Brain Sparklers" for Civil Servants, Journalists, Lecturers, Politicians, Preachers, Teachers, and all Brain workers. (Shadforth Prescription No. 470.) A proved remedy. 1/0 (25), 3/3 (50), 6/- (100).

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Kidney and Bladder Troubles, Incontinence, Constipation, Gall Stones, with associated Gout, Sciatica, Gravel, Scalding and constant getting up nights are quickly relieved by the bloodless surgery of the **Shadforth "Bladder Comforter."** Immediately, all day and all night, painlessly, secretly, and without the loss of one drop of blood or one hour of employment, they get to work. They cleanse, cool and heal. They move what is harmful. You are restored. Don't worry. Shadforth will give you prompt relief. **Get it Now!**

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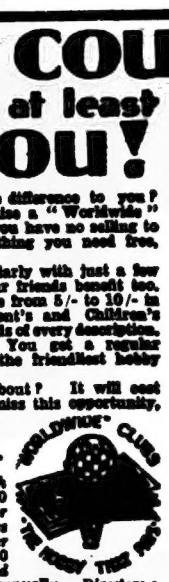
Established 1875. British to the backbone. Over 60 years reputation for honourable dealings and sending over 3,000,000 parcels and packets annually. Directors: E. C. & W. P. WILLIAMS



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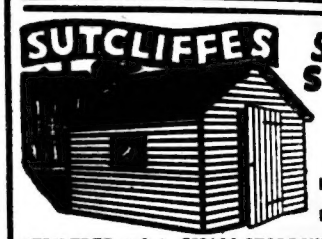

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Long	Wide	High	Cash or 12 payments
6ft.	4ft.	6½ft.	£1 10 0 2 0
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10ft.	7ft.	6½ft.	3 10 0 6 6
12ft.	8ft.	7ft.	4 15 0 8 10

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Avoid Blood Pressure Breakdowns! Steady heart action co-ordinated with youth-like elastic arteries are now possible for those past their prime. The "Shadforth" Simple Home Treatment for Arterio-Sclerosis rapidly reduces high blood pressure and tension. It gives prompt relief from palpitation, giddiness, premonitions of collapse, and sleeplessness; it leads to permanent restoration, and makes you 20 years younger within 20 days. **Get it NOW.**

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L.	W.	Cash.	Down.	12 Pts.
6	4	£7.6	2/6	4/3
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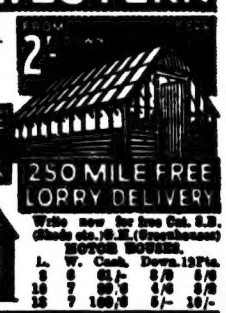

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DON'T TROUBLE ABOUT MAKING BABY-CLOTHES —IT DOES NOT PAY— LET ME SUPPLY A COMPLETE LAYETTE FOR Modern Short Lengths or Usual Long Clothes.

30/-

73 delightful garments (for Summer or Winter Baby). Silk and Wool Shawl, Emb. Robes, Lawn or Winceyette Day Gowns, L'Cloth, Flan. or Winceyette Nightees, Best Wool Vests, Back-Flannels, Hand Knit Woollies, Mat. Coats, Binders, Trunk Sets, Turk Napkins, etc., etc.

SEND **2/-**

FOR PARCEL ON APPROVAL.

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A GLASGOW PURCHASER WRITES: "No wonder you receive so many beautiful testimonials. Words cannot express my thanks for such splendid Baby clothes. Your layette is worthy of all the praise it gets."

1937

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5 Years' Perfect Timekeeping for 1/8, post 6d. Nothing more to pay! You are not even paying cost, because these watches were made to sell at more than double—wholesale. We will change every watch that does not keep time or refund cash in full after 7 days' trial if it does not give same timekeeping as 21/- watch. Genuine Continental Lever movement. Shockproof. Cannot be overwound. Unbreakable glass. This is an advertising offer, and every purchaser receives a genuine silver-plated chain with medallion clip FREE. Send 1/8 and 6d. for post and packing NOW to—

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NOW, in your own home you can equal the results produced by expert Professional Hairdressers. NO LOTIONS, BATTERIES, ELECTRICITY or STEAM needed to produce beautifully waved hair. The "Wavatome" Home Waving Outfit is an entirely new and simple system of waving the hair. NOT a mere setter, it creates in a few minutes a lasting, luxuriously-soft waves comparable with the elaborately sculptured effect of the most fashionable and expensive systems. Double size 4/6, post 6d. Test the revolutionary "Wavatome" FREE. Send P.O. TO-DAY. If not completely satisfied return outfit within 7 days and your money will be refunded in full. Sent C.O.D. if desired (charges extra).

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You are invited to test free of charge "SCO," the new cleanser. It lifts the dirt right off grids, shelves and ovens, and in fact everything. To get this free gift all you have to do is to cut out and hand the Coupon appearing in the announcement on p. 35 and a 1/- big value tin will be given to you—for nothing.

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Long.	Wide.	High.	Cash Price.	Deposit.	Mthly.
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THE LATEST SPRING FASHION IS

SEMI - OXFORD FLANNELS

17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23 or 24 bottoms. Silver, Med., or Dark Grey. Waist 26-46. Leg 25-36. well cut and made from tested Flannel, fitted with belt loops, side straps, front cash pocket, usual side pockets and buttons inside, permanent turn-ups. Please state waist, inside leg & width bottom required.

5/- Post 6d. or C.O.D.

2 pairs 10/6 post pd. Only to Purchasers of Flannel Trousers.

St. Margaret's Woollen Slip-over in Blue, Maroon, Grey, White. **1/6**

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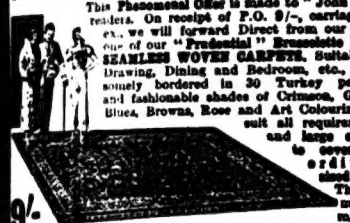

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The New Continental

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If you like the gorgeous tone of a fine piano-accordion spend only 2/9 on this new Continental Harmonica—you'll be thrilled with the marvellous piano-accordion effects produced by the harp-shaped amplifying sound chamber. So easy to play—no different to an ordinary mouth organ. Entertain your friends with the latest tunes and dance music, and be popular. Get your friends to send for this wonderful new instrument too, and form a band—it's great, that piano-accordion tone. Price 2/9, post 3d., or two instruments 5/6 post free.

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Any size of paper or card can be printed. Perfect inking. Standard printers' type and blocks of all descriptions. Adjustable lay gauge, no gauge pins required. Write at once for illustrated Particulars & Samples of Work.

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Mag-i-Sonat Hohner Accordion. Piano finished Body, 16 Fold Metal Bound Bellows. Steel Reeds. 21 Piano Keys, 8 Basses. **Send only 3/6 deposit. Balance 5/- monthly until 7/6 is paid, or Full Cash Balance within 7 days 69/6 only.** Write for Fully Illustrated Catalogue of Models with 25 Keys, 12 Bass; 25 Keys, 24 Bass; 34 Keys, 48 Bass; 41 Keys, 120 Bass; etc., etc. All on equally attractive terms.

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£5.5.0 Value for £2.6. Yours for 1/- Deposit. Solid gold, English hall-marked Wrist Watch. Fine quality jewelled movement, opal dial, timed to a minute a month. Fitted Milanese mesh bracelet, adjustable to any size. 10 years' warranty. Sent for 1/- deposit. If satisfactory, 2/- payable on receipt, and 5/- monthly until £5/5/- is paid, or full cash 7 days, £2/6 only.

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writes this Ambitious Amprico Agent!

Are you ambitious like G.A. (Sheffield)? His letter is typical of many received from our agents who are **earning extra cash in their spare time. Why not do it yourself? Become an agent for Amprico 6d. Treble Value Club Cards.** They sell at sight because of their wonderful value. No capital or experience is needed. We definitely claim that our proposition is the **easiest and simplest way of adding to your income.**

READ THIS LETTER.

The way you run your business must mean that you receive hundreds of testimonials but I must tell you how pleased I am with your treatment. **I hope to earn enough commission to buy a car soon,** and then I shall increase my order, as I will have more time and be able to get about more. G.A. (Sheffield).

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TRADE SUPPLIED.

SENSATIONAL NOVELTY REDUCED TO 9d EACH POST 3d

Note the 48 specially shaped teeth.

WAVES AS IT COMBS!

Reduced to **9d.** Each Post 3d.

Owing to laying down special plant and reorganising the British Factory, we are now able to offer this outstanding

"DOUBLE WAVE" COMB

which waves hair without heat or any other appliance.

At the ridiculous price of 9d. each (post 3d.) you cannot afford to miss this great hair-beauty aid. No matter whether your hair is short or long, or how straight it may be, just comb it in the ordinary way to produce beautiful, natural waves. No bother or mess. Why ruin your hair with curling irons and other harmful appliances?

This "Double Wave" comb will save you hours of time and pounds in hairdressers' bills. Carry one in your handbag and wave your hair every time you comb it. Thousands delighted with the amazing results. Originally sold at 2/6. Send P.O. 1/- at once (stamps not accepted). Your money willingly refunded if the "Double Wave" Comb fails to satisfy you.

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59/9 or **1/6** WEEKLY

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I offer the finest A.C./D.C. BRITISH Wireless Sets at bargain prices, including Battery and All Mains Receivers. Any Set sent ON APPROVAL, PACKED FREE & CARRIAGE PAID. Write now for my beautifully Illustrated Art Catalogue.

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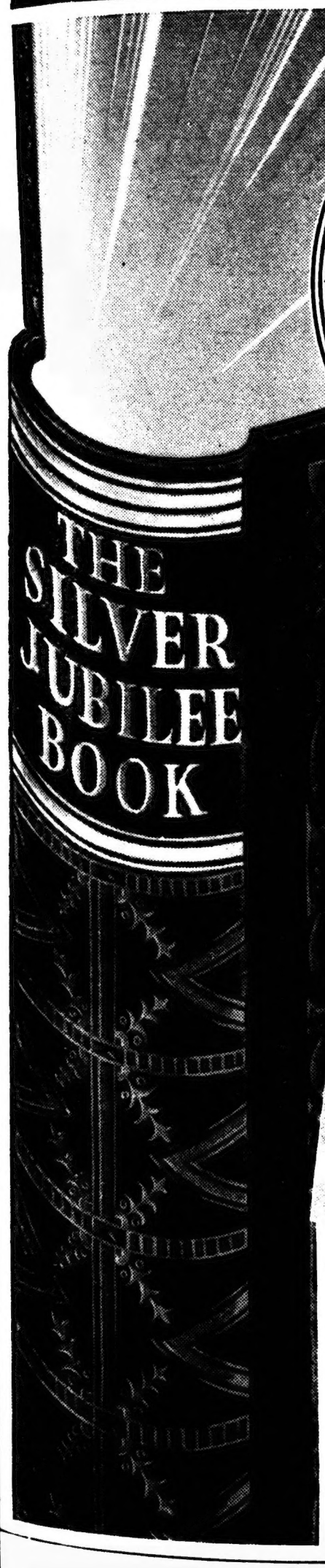

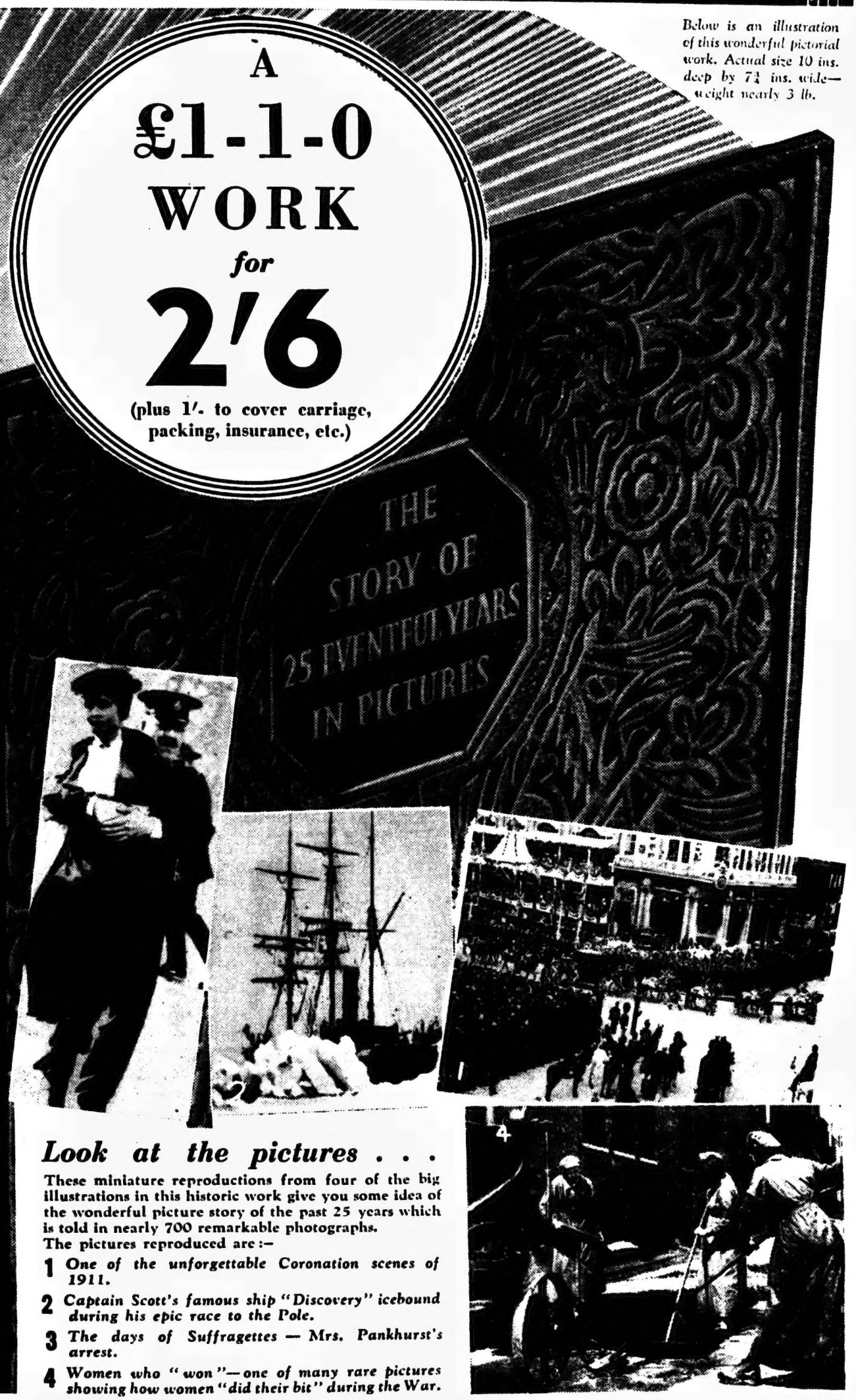

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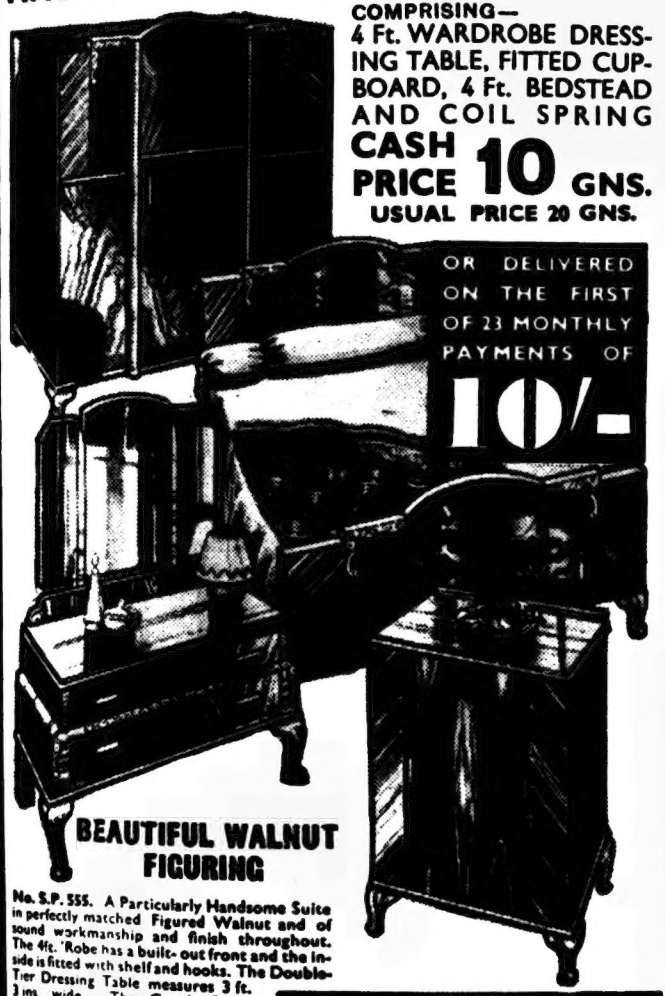

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Without Fear or Favour

ONE SECRET NEVILLE MUST TELL

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JOHN BULL

Missing BUDGET Millions

WHATEVER secrets the Chancellor of the Exchequer may have up his sleeve for his forthcoming Budget, there is one that should most certainly be divulged. Its character is none too pleasant, and it will undoubtedly come as a big shock to many people; but it is something the public ought to be told.

We refer to the scandal of the vast sums, running into millions, due from wealthy tax defaulters who are allowed an incredible amount of latitude. In some cases where very substantial sums are owing the defaulters enjoy a sort of rich man's dole, and by the simple expedient of delaying payment over a long period may even be able to finance fresh business enterprises with money that should rightly be in the coffers of the State.

Some truly staggering instances of uncollected tax have arisen recently.

Consider, for instance, official admission that a recent failure involved a liability of hundreds of thousands of pounds in taxation to the Inland Revenue.

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Questions have been raised in the House of Commons why this sum, which is due in respect of Excess Profits Duty, has been allowed to remain owing for many years.

This is not, unfortunately, an isolated case.

Only the other day it was announced in respect of the bankruptcy of a famous actress that claims of £14,500 were outstanding for income tax and super-tax.

And, not long ago, a titled shipbroker appeared in the Bankruptcy Court admitting that he and his brother owed £50,000 for income tax and excess profits.

It has been recently estimated that at the date of the last Budget between twenty and thirty millions of income tax and sur-tax remained unpaid, but the British taxpayer is not content with rough estimates and would feel much more contented were the Chancellor of the Exchequer to devote part of his time between now and the next Budget in determining exactly what amount of tax is due to the Treasury on April 15.

This task is, we know, confronted with certain difficulties in that many cases are before the courts under appeal. But we are not primarily concerned with these assessments that are in abeyance.

The information we seek is the amount of tax under assessments already settled, due from wealthy men, business magnates and large business organisations, which remains uncollected. It is time that some of the measures meted out to the small taxpayer should be applied to the big fry.

Where a small taxpayer owes a few pounds to the Inland Revenue and fails to pay he is immediately subjected to summary police court proceedings.

On the other hand, the man who owes thousands of pounds employs experts, who do all they can to pull the claim to pieces, and if they can find even one debatable point as a ground for reopening the whole assessment they seize on this as a means of delay.

Even when the amount is agreed and a writ has been issued negotiations can still be prolonged by putting in appearances and defences to the action. It is scandalous that this state of affairs should exist.

The moment it is established that there will be some sort of liability, payment on account should be insisted upon. Any half-measures tend to encourage bankruptcy, with the State as the chief losers.

☆ ★ ☆

An examination of recent bankruptcies shows that the Inland Revenue are invariably large creditors, and for those people who do not object to the stigma of a bankruptcy it is the easiest possible method of evading tax.

The fact that the Income Tax authorities are preferential creditors in such bankruptcies is little consolation to the man who at the greatest possible inconvenience to himself, faithfully pays his tax within a few days of the date it becomes due.

Recently there was a case of a woman who had earned very large sums over a period of years and had not paid one penny income-tax. Eventually, however, her husband was assessed in respect of these earnings, but immediately defeated the authorities by filing his petition in bankruptcy.

Tax dodgers of this type are still continuing to receive large sums through the medium of the wife's earnings and are still getting away with the non-payment of tax.

In another case, the managing director of a large City firm, who had evaded tax over a period of fourteen years, was found to owe £11,000 when his company was liquidated.

He is now earning a comparatively small salary and is handing over to the Inland Revenue a proportion of his earnings. But it will be eighteen years before the debt is settled, and the man concerned is now over sixty-five.

It is also very unfair to the honest trader whose customer goes bankrupt. The customer may have created an atmosphere of confidence by paying promptly, when all the time he is secretly harbouring a colossal income-tax liability which renders him actually insolvent.

Again, a case has recently come to our notice where a large amount of tax was found to be due to the Treasury on the death of a certain financier. In order to save a long-drawn-out case the Board of Inland Revenue came to an *arrangement* with the executors, the amount originally demanded being drastically cut.

Another instance of a similar nature ended even more disastrously for the authorities. A few weeks ago a so-called business magnate died before paying arrears of income tax extending over several years, amounting to many thousands.

☆ ★ ☆

With the aid of lawyers and accountants this man had been able to postpone payment for the whole of that period. He died, leaving only a few hundred pounds, so that little or no tax at all was recovered.

On the other hand, we can quote hundreds of heartrending cases where the small taxpayer has found it impossible to pay and distraint has been levied.

One with which our experts are at present dealing is that of a small man who, although he had appealed against his assessment and had had his home seized under distraint, had really been over-assessed.

The problem is undoubtedly one of national importance and should receive the immediate attention of the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

It is openly admitted that the amount of arrears of tax involved is staggering.

We have continuously advocated that an intensive drive should be made against the big income-tax evader, and now it is clear that the scandal has gone too far. The small taxpayer pays up loyally whenever he can, but he cannot be expected to continue to do so cheerfully until he knows that the big offenders are being brought to book.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER . . .

A Prince of Mountebanks is Still Among Us

What's a Cabinet Minister For?

Growing Good Food a Crime

Social "softies" may toast the bogus prince's health, but "John Bull's" toast is: "To his speedy deportation"

THREE months ago we denounced as a brazen impostor the romantic figure who calls himself "His Royal Highness Prince Milo of Montenegro." We exposed him as an adventurer who was duping titled women and other people in social circles.

In the last few days questions concerning his continued presence here have been asked in Parliament. The Home Secretary, Sir John Gilmour, has had to admit that this self-styled claimant to a kingdom is disowned by the Jugo Slav Legation.

But "Prince Milo" is still here—still allowed to remain in this country. Why?

Society "softies"

Can it be that Sir John Gilmour is overawed by the glamour of this "dud" Prince's personality? Is he impressed by the fact that Society seems to be another name for "Softy," and that many of its Bright Young Ladies are in the habit of curtseying to this self-styled "royal exile"?

At any rate, Sir John Gilmour made no reply when Commander Bower, M.P., suggested that, in view of Milo's highly undesirable activities, this country should be rid of his presence.

Presumably, then, the dud Prince must be added to the long list of unwelcome aliens who are permitted to continue a career of deception and fraud in our midst.

Plain Mr. Milo

As we revealed in our exposure, Milo is registered as an alien as plain Mr. Milo Petrovitch, but this has not prevented him from being accepted by a lot of gullible people as "a King without a Throne."

He has been fêted in exclusive circles and gained entry to many important functions, at which precedence was given to him by famous people. He drives from one gathering to another in the luxurious cars of his admirers.

Deport him!

However much this sort of impudence may deter the authorities from taking action, we shall continue to insist that the bogus Prince should be deported without further delay.

There is not the slightest doubt that he has no conceivable right to the title he has assumed, and that, to say the least, his career in this country has been of a decidedly dubious nature.

Unwelcome

Nor is he the only adventurer who should be given notice to quit. There is a whole legion of less colourful but quite as unwelcome visitors who should never have been allowed to enter Britain.

Yet, despite our exposures of their shady activities, many of them are permitted to remain. We believe the Home Secretary would enhance his reputation by making a clean sweep of them. And let him begin with the Mountebank who rejoices in the title of Prince Milo of Montenegro.

For what?

What is a Cabinet Minister for, we wonder?

As if Sir Kingsley Wood hasn't quite enough to do as Postmaster-General, he is being saddled with another big job, that of preparing the Government's election publicity.

We don't see how he can possibly do both at once. Which will he neglect—the public's business or the Government's?

No entertainment

And we think that Government propaganda has gone far enough in other directions. The latest example is the Prime Minister's talkie explaining the armaments White Paper.

It should be remembered that the kinema and the wireless are primarily means of entertainment rather than of propaganda.

A new crime

Nor are we amused by the fact that fines of £15,000 have been imposed on farmers in the past season for growing more potatoes than the Potato Board wanted.

The Milk Board has also raked in several thousand pounds because farmers kept more cows than they should or sold milk at less than the high official price.

Only a lunatic could smile at the tragic folly of our "Make Food Scarcer" despots.

Fewer boy soldiers

Much saner is the decision of the War Office to disband the Officers' Training Corps in several schools. The reason given is that these contingents do not supply sufficient officers for the Territorial Army and the supplementary reserves.

This hardly agrees with the Government's frequent declaration that the O.T.C. has no military basis!

Machine-gun drill

Anyway, the L.C.C. believes that even the cadet corps at secondary schools are in effect junior branches of the War Office. Like most rational people, they see nothing educational in dressing boys of twelve to fifteen in khaki and providing them with machine-guns borrowed from Territorial units. And so the cadet corps are to go.

Why not? It's a poor school that cannot teach discipline without resorting to machine-gun drill.

Darkest Britain

"Glimpses from Darkest Britain" might well be the title of the Registrar-General's annual report.

For it tells how overcrowding and lack of sunlight are killing babies in the northern industrial areas.

Maybe we should have to spend a lot of money to end bad housing and keep our towns free from factory smoke. But would it not be money well spent?

Colliery fire danger

Then think of the more immediate danger to human lives when a fire broke out in a Swansea Valley colliery.

Four hundred men and boys work at the pit, yet the firemen would not attend because there was no arrangement between the local council and the Swansea Brigade! It is such atrocious muddle that helps to perpetuate darkest Britain.

Grim jest

On the other hand, when a Lincolnshire rectory caught fire the brigade could not be summoned because there was no telephone. A youth had to run to the next village to give the alarm.

That certainly brought the Grimsby Brigade, but the panting lad might have saved his breath. For the firemen could find no water supply.

This reminds us of Tommy and his war-time joke, "If I had a cigarette, I'd have a smoke—if I had a match."

Cruelty still cheap

We need hardly add that our lay magistrates are still doing their best to carry out the bad old traditions.

At Wingham Petty Sessions, Kent, a farmer was merely fined £5 for the grossest cruelty to some dogs and a horse. It was his second conviction within twelve months.

And it was the same Bench that sent a boy to a month's hard labour last year for cruelty to a dog—a first offence.

Evidently the scales of Justice are not balanced at Wingham.

Profitable

And we really must tell you of the extraordinary luck of a Poole gipsy woman. One of a gang that had terrorised for years an elderly woman and extracted nearly £1,000 from her, she was merely fined £1 after having previously been bound over.

It's a wonder she wasn't given a donation from the poor box!

Welcome hold-up!

Let us turn to more cheering news. While Glasgow's Lord Provost was appealing for funds for a children's hospital a woman interrupted his speech.

It was to tell him that he could have the £400 he wanted and more if required.

How much more tolerable would interrupters of public meetings be if they were all inspired by such benevolent motives!

Gesture we like

Equally generous, though less costly, were the flowers and kind messages sent by the unemployed of Walsall to their mayor, Mrs. Cresswell, when they heard she was lying ill in hospital.

We have heard workless men referred to as rabble, but we doubt if their traducers could think of so kindly a gesture.

Too lucky

We cannot be so enthusiastic over the £500 damages awarded to a Barry girl of eighteen for breach of promise. We trust this will ease her aching heart. But is it not a little too generous to a girl who has all her life before her?

The Fragrant Minute

IF ONLY.

If only I were taller, if only I were smaller, if only I had this and I had that. If only I could choose a long enchanting cruise, and of course a smart rig-out from shoe to hat.

If only eyes were bigger and I had a better figure, and lots of money safely tucked away; if only I could be, like anyone but me, how happy I'd be feeling this good day.

"If Only" comes a-nagging, a-teasing and a-ragging each one of us in turn there is no doubt. There's but one way to treat her, not welcome her and seat her, but tell this pest "If Only"—we are out!

Wilhelmina Stitch.

"John Bull" Copyright.

Wilhelmina Stitch will always be very pleased to hear from JOHN BULL readers. Address letters to her c/o The Editor, JOHN BULL.

Late news

We have all heard of out-of-work men being prosecuted for concealing their savings when applying for benefit.

A Waterford man has been luckier. No prosecution is to follow the discovery that he is worth £500, because it is a little nest-egg that his wife had saved without telling him.

We are glad he has not been penalised. But we can't help feeling that his wife, seeing his despair on losing his job, should have cheered him up with the good news a little earlier.

Expensive

Much more unlucky is a South Wales man, Mr. William John Hughes, who stood up for public rights. William thought a certain track was a public way, others agreed, and so he went to law.

The result is that he is now bankrupt.

In future we fear he will consider the part of public champion not his job.

Filling the hospitals

Scores of cases of scarlet fever have ravaged a Bucks village because of the obstinacy of one man who, though proved to be a carrier of the disease, refused to go to an isolation hospital.

We note with satisfaction that at last he has been removed on the magistrate's order, and the outbreak is now under control.

Callousness of this kind deserves jail.

Our daily loaf

To our recent comment on the cheapness of Air Force bread, we would add that this is baked by men receiving Service pay, so that the cost of production is obviously lower than that of the loaf sold in the shops.

Far be it from us to suggest that the baker of the household loaf should be expected to produce it more cheaply by working for less than a living wage.

We all want a good and cheap loaf—but not a sweated loaf.

The worst ever

We think the most impudent advertisement we have ever read is one appearing in several newspapers, which is worded as follows:—

"Would superior woman like 5s. weekly for light afternoon work (mending, etc.) 3 to 8, and Sundays with tea; sleep in now and then."

Now don't all rush at once, you superior women!

Waking them up

Our recent comments on the menace of floods in Welsh and Monmouthshire valleys aroused keen interest among the authorities concerned. Now, we are pleased to note, Mr. Malcolm Stewart (Commissioner for the Special Areas) has offered a 60 per cent. grant towards flood prevention schemes.

We hope the local authorities will accept the offer without delay.

Keeping them busy

Still the old slavery goes on. In the pleasant Devon town of South Molton a corporation stoker has to work ninety-two hours a week, including Sunday, while another toils for seventy-six hours. Wages? About 8d. an hour!

Fortunately, the corporation places no restrictions on the way the men spend their free time.

Easy fares

Of course, it's a good idea of the G.W.R. to allow holiday-makers to buy their railway tickets on an easy-payment plan. But it's strange that the railways have been so slow to realise the advantages of the instalment system.

We see it has been left to a private company to enable travellers to get quarterly season tickets by weekly payments, thus scrapping the need for a big initial outlay.

SEA DISASTER! —the Hidden Tragedy

A Plea for the Widows Britain Forgets

by A Famous Shipping Authority

I WAS sitting in a warm and snugly furnished drawing-room recently when the conversation turned to the subject of the *Titanic* disaster.

The genial warmth of the room compared with the cold outside—where a gale such as those that have played havoc with shipping in the last few months was rattling at the windows like an angry giant—inspired tributes to the hardihood and courage of sailormen that did my heart good.

Then came an anti-climax that made my blood boil like the seas we have been having during this winter of hurricanes.

"Isn't it strange we haven't had a British sea disaster of any consequence for years," was the remark that started it. It set my mind roving over some of the recent tragedies of the seas.

I thought back to last October and pictured the twenty-six lads of the Hartlepool steamer *Millpool* fighting a losing battle to keep their ship afloat in murderous seas. Would-be rescuers, called by her frantic SOS signals, arrived too late.

I thought of the disappearance of the British steamer *Saxilby* a month later with twenty-seven lives. Then the *Blairgowrie* disaster. Luxury liners all but burst their boilers to reach her, only to find that not a trace remained of her or her ship's company of twenty-six.

Now the tragic pictures of these recent British disasters came crowding on me in quick succession. . . .

The British oil tanker *La Crescenta*, which called other storm-tossed shipping to the spot where nothing but a whirling, tossing pool of oil remained of her or her crew of thirty. The Newcastle steamer *Usworth*, lost with seventeen men, when she foundered in mid-Atlantic.

The *Jeria*—fourteen dead. The *Edgar Wallace*—fifteen dead. The *Langanes*—fourteen dead.

★ ★ ★

JUST part of the dreadful toll of the sea during this angry, blizzardous, tumultuous season.

Mountainous seas, lashing for a week at a time, have battered through hatches and poured their seething torrents into the holds, swept men overboard, carried away steering gear and left scores of little floating worlds helpless and at the mercy of the elements.

There have been epics, such as when a British skipper saw his crew to safety and then went to his death in the best traditions of the sea.

Five hundred British dependants have been bereft of their breadwinners in six months. A hundred times as many have lived in daily fear of such a fate when the gales have come blowing in from the sea.

And what have we done for those left behind? Well, let's see. We hear of the tragedy of the wrecks, but what of the tragedy of the widows and orphans left behind?

The bitter truth is that the proverbial sympathy and generosity of the British public fails unaccountably when it comes to providing for sailors' dependants.

Too many of us have the frame of mind of the B.B.C. which, when asked to broadcast an appeal on behalf of the forty-eight dependants of the *Millpool's* twenty-six dead, replied: "The disaster does not justify any exceptional measures on the part of the B.B.C.," a reply that moved the Mayoress of West Hartlepool, Mrs. Magee, to tears.

We are not a hard-hearted community. The wonderful response to the Gresford Colliery disaster appeal showed that—and I know that thousands of hard-earned shillings from sailors and their wives went to build up that total of half a million pounds for the dependants of the 265 miners who lost their lives.

We are not, I think, forgetful of the fact that the trade of the Empire was built up in the first place by our sailors, and that the industry of ocean-carrying is still the most important we have.

Yet we **have done next to nothing for those left behind to mourn the brave men who lost their lives in recent storms doing that great work.**

Imagine the plight of a sailor's wife when the terrible news reaches her that her husband is dead.

If there is anything due to her at all in the way of an employer's liability payment—and in the case of a seaman it will never be enough to set her mind at rest for long—a long time will have to elapse before she sees a penny of it.

Her husband's body may never be recovered. When a ship goes down away out in the deepest part of the ocean the sea does not give up its dead, as a rule. And so six months or more will elapse before she will be entitled to presume him dead, and she will not be able to handle a penny of the money in that time.

If her husband is in benefit with his trade union she will draw a matter of £15 or so by way of funeral benefit. But what is that to a family whose breadwinner is cut off suddenly, who have probably been expecting him home in a week or a little more with accumulated wages and have been buying food and clothing on the strength of it?

Women lend willing hands to the gallant lifeboat crew—what does the State do for them when they are bereft of their husbands?

Of other help there is none, unless the loss of life falls particularly heavily on one particular town and a local fund is started in consequence. As to that, you have only to remember that the total amount subscribed to such funds last year amounted to little more than £15,000 to realise that it is not adequate to the immense needs.

It is always a dreadful thing for a wife to lose her husband at a time when there are young children to maintain. How much worse it is, as a rule, in the case of sailors' wives.

★ ★ ★

THEY have nothing saved, as a rule. Insurances are little or nothing. The blow so often falls when their husbands have been away at sea for some time, and the money in the house may be measured in mere pennies.

To be brutally blunt, they are not usually women whose value will stand high in the marriage market. They will have toiled hard and long for their children, as sailors' wives always do, and even if they married only three or four years ago their girlhood days will seem to be century-old history.

There is nothing for them but relief to meet immediate expenses, more relief to last them until their husbands' deaths can be presumed and a few pounds come their way, and then, when that is expended, relief to the end of the chapter.

That is the plight of many of the women who have been bereaved during the many disasters of the present winter. They gave, probably, to the Gresford Colliery Fund themselves. And now, looking for a little such help as the colliers' widows will rightly receive, they will look in vain.

I say it is a wicked thing that the country should let them down as it does. Their husbands, losing their lives in peace time carrying the nation's foodstuffs or raw materials, gave their lives for their country as surely as if they went down with their ships during a great war.

We pay plenty of lip service to our sailors.

Our traditions are rich in sailor songs and sailor poems, all exalting the man who goes down to the sea in ships, but when the hour of need comes it won't butter a single slice of bread.

What is needed is a national fund to provide for the dependants of men lost at sea, from which weekly payments can be made to the widows as long as they have need of it, as we do in the case of big colliery and other industrial disasters.

Separate local funds, started whenever a disaster hits a town particularly hard, are no good. The ships that are the backbone of our mercantile marine, the 2,000, 3,000 and 5,000 tonners, mean nothing to the general public until they are wrecked.

Nobody ever heard of the *Millpool*, the *Saxilby* and the *Blairgowrie* until they went down. Such names will never draw money from the public.

★ ★ ★

I HAVE faith enough in British generosity to know that an appeal for the brave, honest British sailor man will make us loosen our purse-strings.

The storm season is not yet over. March has still to run some of her course. April—usually a bad month—is yet to follow. Our hard-buffeted sailors, licking their wounds, are hoping there is no more to come. Their wives are *praying* it shall be so.

The recent disasters have had the good effect of prompting questions in the House of Commons and setting an enquiry on foot—all aimed at ascertaining why ships have failed to ride the recent storms.

We may have fewer coffin-ships as a result. There may be wider recognition of the fact that if crews are cut down to bare limits, as has happened in these so-called "Economy" days, it is impossible for them to man their ships effectively when some such expedient as a temporary steering gear has to be resorted to.

Let us hope that all this follows, for the sake of sailors and their wives. But even then the sea will continue to take its toll.

King George's Fund for Sailors does excellent work looking after our nautical institutions.

Now, let us have another fund which, in giving a little support and care to the women our sailors leave behind them when they never return, will thus raise a cloud of worry from the mind of every sailor's wife or mother throughout the land.

TWO MOTHERS—

While children play happily in the grounds of some adoption home, their parents having parted with them when the struggle to keep them seemed too big—

IN the Royal Courts of Justice the other day barristers and officials were moved by the harrowing spectacle — no other can bring such human anguish into a court of law —of two women fighting for one child.

The judges found themselves confronted with two worthy women—the real mother, who had placed her tiny baby in another woman's care eleven years ago on taking up a Government post abroad, and the woman who had cared for the child in the meantime with a desperate, insatiable mother-love.

They had to choose between the "I want my Jean—after all, she's mine!" of the one, and the "But you can't take her away from me now. Not after eleven years. She was born for me!" of the other.

It must have been with overwhelming pity for her that the judges had to decide against the foster-mother, for everybody connected with the law hates these cases as they hate no other kind.

All over the country, every day of every week, such pitiful fights are going on. This, which many people will wrongly believe was an unusual case, is but one of hundreds that have come to the surface.

You will find them in the minor courts. In the private rooms of magistrates. In the offices of probation officers. At the doors of orphanages. At the headquarters of organisations connected with child adoption. Two women yearning, pleading, fighting for the right to mother a child they both love equally, is surely one of the most heartbreaking and perplexing problems the human mind can imagine.

Awful regrets

There can be no settlement satisfactory to both parties. How can an arbiter suggest sweet reasonableness? In the end one has got to taste victory sweeter by far than any tasted by a successful general on the field of battle, and for the other it is inevitable that the heavens shall fall.

Supreme happiness for one: indescribable misery for the other. Not even a modern Solomon can find any other course.

To the average woman, happy at home with her baby and jealous enough of other people's attentions to ensure that no other woman will ever win supreme place in its affections, it may seem strange that two women can become so important in one baby's life.

Such happy mothers can overlook the many tragic factors that make it necessary for women to part with the children they bear, the awful regrets that come later, and the ever-tightening grip the laughing, gurgling baby can exert on the heart of the woman who adopts it.

These were the main ingredients of a sad story that recently reached its climax in Glasgow.

That story begins ten years ago, when a newly born baby girl became chargeable to the Glasgow poor law authorities under circumstances that are nobody's concern. A foster-mother was found, and the mother, her heart all but broken by the parting, sailed for New Zealand to try to forget.

To forget! Ask any adoption official how wildly impossible it is for a really human, natural mother to forget, whatever the circumstances under which she bore her baby.

While her baby entrenched itself deeper and deeper in the heart of the woman who had adopted it, that mother was working and working for the day that would bring her baby back to her. She then married a good and understanding man, who agreed that the child's place was with her. That seemed to make things easier, if only they had the means.

Then came the news that he had inherited nearly £60,000, and with a whoop of joy they set out for Scotland.

It seemed so easy. But soon they were to realise what a vast human problem confronted them.

Bitter end

The authorities thought of the other woman. The child had become part of the foundations on which she had built her life. The couple knew, then, why it wasn't going to be easy to find the baby's whereabouts.

They searched the city through. They deposited £500 with the Glasgow Public Assistance Committee as a sign of their good faith, for who was to know that their intentions were of the best? Bad mothers have been known, under such circumstances, to turn up on blackmailing errands.

At last they found themselves at their baby's door, at Dumfries.

Oh, the terror in that small but comfortable home when that real mother sailed in out of the blue. The piteous pleading and cajoling on both sides. The tears and protestations.

The whole £60,000 would not have bought that baby back, but in the bitter end a more powerful factor did. That was the real mother's love for her baby. The foster-mother could not escape the influence of that.

No arrangement could have been an entirely happy one for both sides. But they have evolved a scheme as satisfactory as it is humanly possible to make it.

The foster-mother will see the child when and where she likes. She will remain more to it than any aunt could be. The mother and her husband, as their contribution of sacrifice, will resist all temptations to go back to New Zealand so that the child, from whom they cannot part now, will always be near the other woman who loves it as a mother.

Surely no fight round the problem of two women and one child ever reached a happier ending.

If all such fights could end like that it would be a happier world. In contrast, there is the case of a mother who can never hope to see her baby again, except through iron railings. She is one of the thousands of mothers, married and single alike, who parted with their babies when the struggle seemed too big for them, and who have lived to regret it bitterly.

Too great a strain

If she tried to as much as lay a hand on the baby she bore, the flesh of her flesh, the police would take her away. And the reason?

In 1927 that woman, then a mere girl of twenty-one, who had been deserted by her husband, found herself breaking down under the strain of maintaining a baby he had never seen. She could not buy food for it. If she tried to get a job in domestic service her baby stood in the way. She was in a vicious circle. Parting with the child seemed the only way out, and with that in mind she went to an orphanage.

She was told, then, of an Act of Parliament that had been passed only the year before, the Adoption Act. She could sign that baby away just as if she had never had it. New parents could be found for it, rich parents perhaps.

With a flourish of the pen they would undertake all the responsibility of keeping and maintaining it for ever.

She looked at the baby. It deserved something better of life than she could give it. It is possible that in that tragic moment she was too self-sacrificing to think of herself.

So was carried out that exchange in human flesh which, at that time, was certainly the best for all concerned, and may remain so to this day.

Forcibly removed

Two, three years passed. The mother instinct, growing stronger and stronger, sought an outlet. She got a job with a Jewish family as a cook, and told them of her baby and how she would like to have it with her. It was sure to have turned out a well-behaved little girl, she said, and she wouldn't let it get in the way.

The family not only agreed, but undertook — perhaps foolishly — to provide her with funds to get it back.

She traced her baby to a Northamptonshire mansion . . . walked timorously up the drive . . . knocked at the door . . . asked. The frightened foster-parents put her off till the next day and moved the child to Ireland during the night.

She traced it to Ireland and refused to be put off this time. Her tears and pleadings were unavailing. She was forcibly removed from the grounds by the police.

The foster-parents made sure of their ground, legally. The real mother had no right to interfere, they were told. The police could be

—ONE CHILD!

—Heartbreak Dramas of the Adoption Babes

called to her wherever and whenever she made a disturbance. She could be sent to prison, if necessary.

So they brought the baby to Bedfordshire.

To-day, when that child plays in a garden behind some high wrought-iron gates, a strange woman comes along sometimes to peer at her. The child has been taught to run to the house at her approach, and not to be tempted to go to the gate to talk to her and kiss her, as she did when the strange woman first made her appearance.

They are two people in a big world who can never know human contact. Yet they are mother and child!

Now the story of a Streatham woman who has searched America for her baby—in vain.

Her fight, too, began in 1927, when Americans were visiting the various adoption societies in Britain and clamouring to adopt English children. Two hundred British babies left for the United States in three months, one to be the baby of Miss Constance Bennett, the film star.

It was such an offer that this Streatham woman had to consider six months after she had placed her baby in a home.

There followed all the usual routine. Adoption papers were served on the mother. Permission to get the money for a trip to America to get her boy back. She had worked her fingers to the bone in domestic service, putting away every penny for the legal fight that she felt sure would be inevitable.

Then, when her savings seemed big enough for any eventuality, she presented herself at the door.

Well, every penny piece of her savings went in the law case that followed, and then she failed!

Even now, apparently, the fight has not ended. She has never come back to London, and the authorities here believe that she is still in America working and scraping so that she can resume the fight at the earliest possible opportunity.

Hopeless quest

Many other such cases are known to officials of orphanages and adoption homes and to probation officers.

A woman who left her baby on a doorstep in Bloomsbury, was traced and punished for abandoning it, and afterwards allowed it to be adopted, now spends all her leisure walking about looking for it, undaunted by the fact that the years dim her memory of it and make her quest more and more hopeless.

There is a case of a youth who yachts at Cowes, motors at Brooklands, and generally lives the life of a wealthy man-about-town, but who is troubled by a shadow-woman about whom he often jests to his friends. He does not know it is his mother who haunts him in the streets.

No case on record has been more surprising than one waged for a long time at Sunderland, which reached the light of day in the police court.

Two women actually claimed to be the real mother of a curly-headed baby boy! Each spoke of having actual proof.

The first woman's story was that the baby was born at a time when her doctor was out, and only two neighbours could be present. The second woman maintained that it was hers, but that she had taken it by night to the house of the other woman, who had taken it into bed with her and announced her decision of deceiving her husband into believing it was her own.

What a surprise followed!

Real love

After the woman who lost had been fined £10 subsequently for making a false declaration, the woman who had won the child gave it up to her. Weepingly she pointed out that they both loved the baby dearly, and that, though it was *really* hers, the other woman was in a position to give it a much better home and start in life.

There are many other cases.

There was one at Maesteg recently, when a Brixton musician's wife tried to get her daughter back from the family that had adopted it three years before—and failed.

Then there was the case of the servant girl who succeeded. She took her case right up to the Appeal Court. She won on the grounds that the infant was being brought up in the Protestant faith, and she, as a Catholic, had a right to insist that it should be reared in her religious beliefs.

Yet again, there was Scotland Yard's hue and cry for a missing baby. The police believed that some strange woman had stolen it from the mother's pram while she was shopping. It remained for a daily newspaper—the *Daily Herald*—to discover that a fight of two women over one baby was behind this strange occurrence.

The real mother had stolen it from the foster-mother who had adopted it. What appeared to be the strangest case of kidnapping in this country for twenty years was nothing more than a desperate move by a mother to get her child back from the woman who had taken her place.

Once, at Porth, a thirteen-year-old girl who had been adopted at birth and then reclaimed by her parents was given the right to choose. She picked the foster-parents, those who had watched over her with loving care and tenderness through all those years.

Two mothers: only one child. Can humanity be faced with a bigger problem than that?

While there are thousands of women compelled by force of circumstances to part with the children they bear, and babies have the ability to win the hearts of would-be mothers, such things will always be!

—hundreds of mothers are scouring the country for their children, now adopted, whose whereabouts they can only guess at, peering through the railings of homes . . .

as sought of the father, too, for e has to be consulted.

At last the day came for the appearance of the parties before a magistrate.

Now it has ever been perplexing o officials of adoption societies in his country that whereas most provincial magistrates do not insist on he attendance of the mother at uch harrowing ceremonies, most ondon magistrates do. This mother ad to appear. She went into ysterics and all but changed her ind when the moment came for arting, for she had not seen her aby for six months. But at last he irrevocable step was taken.

She went away without her baby, nd a wealthy American man and oman went home with a bonny boy ey were proud to regard as their n.

To anybody who really knows, that rst of hysterics in court meant that at mother was never going to forget her child, and so, as subsequent ents showed, it was to prove.

Two years ago there was a caller the house of that American mily in Chicago. It was the other.

She had saved, scraped, borrowed

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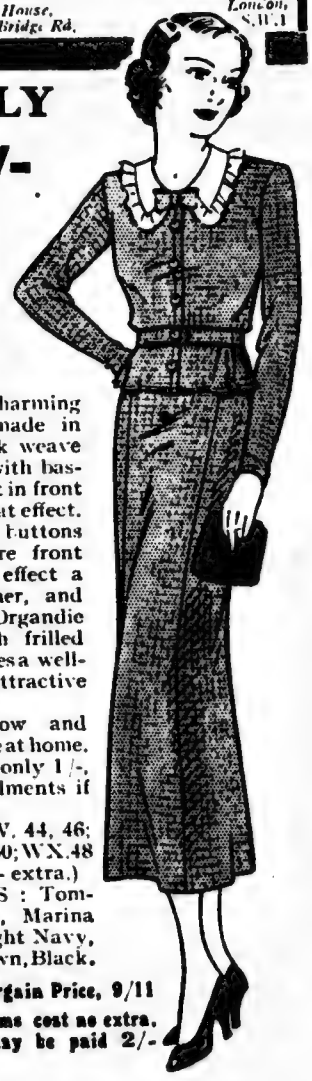

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A letter that everyone should read

Messrs. A. Wander Ltd.
The 'Ovaltine' Factory,
King's Langley, Herts.

Moorby
Nr. Boston.

Dear Sirs,

For some time now I have had the urge to write and tell you of the immense benefit I have derived through drinking 'Ovaltine.'

To give you a full understanding of my case, it is necessary for me to go back to the Spring of 1932, when I was taken seriously ill. A specialist informed me that my heart and lungs were in a very bad form, due to a severe gassing in the war. I had to abandon my profession, and since then I have been "in and out" of hospital.

However, there is a bright side to everything, and it is this I wish to emphasise.

When I was first taken ill, my nerves got into a dreadful state, and restful sleep was out of the question. In fact, it became necessary to supply me with sleeping tablets, and even these did not always induce sleep.

A year ago a friend begged me to try 'Ovaltine' as an aid to inducing sleep. I decided to give it a fair trial, and from the beginning I noticed a difference.

First of all I found that, after drinking my evening cup of 'Ovaltine,' I felt a little more rested, and as time went on I gradually found I was able to sleep more and more. Now, the coming of night holds no terrors for me. I drink my 'Ovaltine' and look forward as a matter of course to a sound sleep. For months now it has been quite unnecessary to take any kind of sleep-inducing drugs.

Need I say how grateful I am, for when all is said and done, inability to sleep is undoubtedly one of the worst forms of torture. It goes without saying that on every suitable occasion I extol the excellence of your preparation.

Believe me to remain,
Yours faithfully,
Signed.....S.C.A.

This unsolicited letter is one of many received daily testifying to the supreme value of 'Ovaltine' in ensuring sound, peaceful sleep every night.

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Hannen Swaffer's *Open Letter to* SIR FRANCIS JOSEPH (*President-Elect of the Federation of British Industries*)

What a Jubilee Gesture You Can Make!

DEAR SIR FRANCIS,—Now that you have been elected President of the Federation of British Industries, in which are grouped many of the largest undertakings in the British Empire, you have an opportunity of doing more than any one man in regard to seeing that, on Jubilee Day, the workers draw pay for their day's holiday.

I hope you will do it. Although you are the chairman of several great collieries, and a director of the London Midland and Scottish Railway, and you are interested in shipping and iron, you were not always a rich man. You will understand more than do most great industrialists what it means to lose a day's pay.

After all, you left school at the age of twelve, when you became a railway messenger. You climbed by hard work. You have been a traveller, a printer, an advertising agent and a stockbroker. You were not born a colliery proprietor. You became one because of your great business capacities.

* * *

Well, now, looking back on those hard days of your youth, you can appreciate, more than almost anybody who is not still suffering from poverty, what it means when 9,500,000 workers, with at least 18,000,000 dependants, are given a day's "noliday." You know it cannot be much of a holiday if the day's pay is stopped.

To millions of people their present wages are insufficient as it is. To take from them one-sixth of a week's earnings in order that they shall have a day in which they can be "happy" is not only satirically ironic, it it cruel.

Now, when Jubilee Day was first heard of millions of workers said, "What about our day's pay? How can we rejoice if our money is stopped? We are very glad the King has reigned for twenty-five years We can all remember some great ameliorative scheme that has come into being during his reign. But why take away our pay? We are sure the King would not like that."

Whispers soon went round. They started in the counting-house, I suppose, and then reached the workshops—"There will be no pay for the holiday."

These reports reached the Cabinet, which promptly acted as far as it could within its power, and gave a lead to the nation. The Prime Minister announced in the House that all persons in the Government's service would be granted a full day's pay for the holiday.

Then the great civic corporations, London, Manchester and Glasgow among them, were quick to follow suit. Local authorities all over the country fell into line.

Then the Minister of Health empowered local authorities to increase the scales of poor law relief during the week of festivity. I think they should be increased for ever. But, still, the one week was a start Many local bodies agreed to comply with the suggestion. It can now be expected that every adult and child receiving public assistance will receive an additional allowance of at least 2s. and 1s. respectively.

Well, then great employers and small employers began to fall into line.

On the other hand, Sir Francis, and you must know this, many private employers in the major industries have held secret meetings and they have decided that the old phrase, "No work no pay," shall be enforced on Jubilee Day, making it a mockery.

You may have heard that one reason for this refusal of some of the employers in the key industries to fall into line has been inspired, not by meanness or lack of patriotism, but because of politics. They fear, it is said, that, if they made a concession on Jubilee Day, they would imperil the strict regulations of labour and weaken their defence against a much more comprehensive demand soon to be made upon them.

For you must know that shortly the International Labour Conference will undoubtedly decide that, as one reform of the conditions of industry, all workers shall be assured of full pay for *all* holidays.

Already fourteen countries have legalised this right of workers.

As you know, Sir Francis, some of the members of the Federation of British Industries have given a lead in this great scheme. They recognise, many of them, that shorter hours mean better work.

* * *

You, I am sure, are on the side of all these improvements. Your very beginnings prove that you must understand the conditions of slavery under which millions of people in this country carry on their daily existence.

If it is true that it is, only for the reason that many British workers in the coal, iron, steel, engineering, textile and other main industries are to be docked a day's pay in the Silver Jubilee week the employers responsible should feel ashamed of themselves. It is an insult to the King. It is a mockery of the Jubilee.

As only two weeks before and a month after the Silver Jubilee millions of workers have to face the loss of pay for two other compulsory holidays, Easter and Whitsun, three deductions of pay in six weeks for 9,000,000 families are not likely to create jubilation in the industrial areas on the Royal holiday.

The big trade unions demand that their national executives should take action to stop the cutting of the pay. Surely, of all occasions when open conflict and squabbling should be avoided is a Jubilee, which celebrates not only twenty-five years of our King's reign, but a quarter of a century of great progress—the emancipation of women, the coming into operation of innumerable social services and, most important of all, a greater understanding between employers and employed.

I ask you to increase that understanding.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

t. Hon. OLIVER STANLEY,
linister of Labour

DEAR SIR,—I am still waiting for that nquiry into the department dealing ith instructional centres for the unmployed.

If you are not yet convinced of the eed, let me give you another hint. Take stocktaking of all goods, make sure hat officials are not increasing their alaries at the expense of the administration, and probe the alleged case of ctimisation.

It is being said that there will be no ull enquiry, with protection of witnesses uaranteed, because the Ministry is raid of what might be disclosed. I efuse to believe you will allow any fear influence your decision.

JOHN BULL.

iss MARGUERITE STEEN,
ndon, S.W.

DEAR MADAM,—If, like most of us, you e tired of the criticisms levelled at the oung people of to-day, why proceed to dd to that spate of nonsense?

For you talk of the "staggering ignorce" of the modern girl and complain hat "she has the outlook of an underousemaid without the efficiency to xercise it."

Knowing you are an authoress and an -actress, I prefer to believe that this eeping attack is just theatrical fiction.

JOHN BULL.

. D. O. TWINING,
evon Insurance Committee

DEAR DOCTOR,—My blood refuses to rdle when you, advocating sterilisation, y the time is coming when "sane people will be the minority and therefore will be considered mad by the majority"

I hope you will soon recover from this trembling fit!

JOHN BULL.

Mr. HARCOURT JOHNSTONE, M.P.: You say M.P.s are bored stiff. Some bore me stiff.—JOHN BULL.

Mrs. ELLEN SHORROCKS,
Hulme, Manchester

MADAM,—With what a show of sympathy you defended a woman who lay dying! Yet, while seeing her to hospital, you stole a ring from her finger.

The Bench thought a fine sufficient to deter you. But I hope that if any one in Hulme needs help in future you will be as far out of the way as possible.

JOHN BULL.

LORD NUFFIELD,
President, League of Industry

DEAR LORD NUFFIELD,—As you point out, in all the plans for reorganising industry nothing has been suggested for dealing with men displaced by modern methods.

Until this is done rationalisation will be the wrong word—and we shall be courting disaster.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. JAMES MATHEW,
Dundee

DEAR SIR,—In addition to a gift of over £50,000 to aid in settling men on the land, you have offered a 188-acre farm near your city, where unemployed Dundee men can renew acquaintance with decent labour and living.

A former Minister of Agriculture says the Government should exercise its own powers and not be dependent on public-spirited men like you, but it would be a churlish thing if the proposed gift were refused. Thanks! JOHN BULL.

MAYOR and CORPORATION,
Lowestoft

SKINFLINTS,—I hope you are feeling duly humbled by the scathing criticism of the district auditor.

He is rightly indignant that the collection of £170 in weekly rents should be entrusted to a youth paid only £1 a week, and that "inefficient and careless work" has resulted in a heavy loss to the ratepayers.

What are you going to do to remedy this disgrace? JOHN BULL.

Mr. JUSTICE CLAUSON: Optimism of debtors in Bankruptcy Court renews your faith in human nature. But it fails to renew creditors' pockets.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. WILLIAM HENRY ROSS,
Edinburgh

DEAR MR. ROSS,—Once you enjoyed the priceless gift of sight. Then darkness came. You went on working under difficulties—with an incentive.

At last you have been able to realise your object, and are giving £40,000 on behalf of fellow-sufferers.

I am sure your tenacity will spur on the research workers who will have the spending of your money in an effort to overcome the tragedy of blindness.

JOHN BULL.

THE RURAL COUNCILLORS,
Weyland, Norfolk

GENTLEMEN,—It is high time the autocracy of the East-Anglian Electricity Company was curbed.

You complain that it not only refuses to supply current to several villages in your district, but refuses to allow the neighbouring town of Norwich to do so.

Such high-and-mightiness is out of date. Why not appeal to Whitehall?

JOHN BULL.

Mrs. SARAH GUY,
Holloway, London

DEAR MADAM,—You have just celebrated your 104th birthday, and say that you like going to bed late and getting up early.

I'm surprised at your setting such a bad example to the young 'uns in sitting up to the small hours; but I like your attitude to life and sincerely hope that you'll see more birthdays.

My congratulations and good wishes!

JOHN BULL.

Mr. ARTHUR W. FISHER,
Shallowford, Staffs

FISHER,—I am glad you have been fined for putting your dirty boots on the cushioned seats in a railway carriage.

You may like to be at your ease at home, but it is not always good manners to relax in public. Besides, it is apt to prove expensive. JOHN BULL.

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We Don't Want these NASTY New MORALS

by A. G. Gardiner

The victor—the Rev. S. M. Morris. He delivered a sound blow for public morality

THE Clacton libel case, which occupied Mr. Justice Avory and a jury five days, ended, as it deserved to end, in a victory for Mr. Morris. I refer to it here because of its bearing upon a question of public morals to which none of us can be indifferent.

The facts of the Clacton case are simple. Mr. Morris is a Baptist minister in that agreeable seaside resort, and in the course of a sermon he denounced certain items performed at a "Sunday concert" in the local Town Hall as "appealing to all that is ignoble in man."

For this he was prosecuted for libel by some of those against whom he had directed his criticism.

In the opinion of the judge, the evidence showed that certain performers had indulged in "vulgarity and filth" deliberately in order to raise a laugh.

"You have heard," he said to the jury, "one comedian admit that the best way to get a laugh was 'to slip one in' now and then, which means that he had to slip in something which ought not to be tolerated at all and would not be tolerated unless slipped in."

In the presence of these facts the jury promptly found for the defendant.

No outrages!

It would have been strange if they had found otherwise. That would have meant that while any base-minded person, under the cover of a "Sunday concert," was at liberty to indulge in "vulgarity and filth," a minister concerned for the morals of the community could be mulcted in heavy penalties for protesting against such a violation, not only of public decency, but of the terms on which the licence was granted. It would have meant *carte blanche* for the obscene and a muzzle for decency.

I am the last person to wish to restrict the reasonable liberty of the stage, the press, or even the pulpit; but liberty has its responsibilities.

It must not be construed into a licence to outrage the elementary decencies of public behaviour. It has been so construed.

In the revolt against the restraints and proprieties of the Victorian world, the pendulum has swung to the other extreme. Music has gone back to the African jungle for its inspiration. Art has rebelled against beauty. Religion is abandoned as an old wives' tale, and sex has become the chief preoccupation of literature, with the poor, tortured demented genius, the late D. H. Lawrence, as its high priest and prophet.

And in this upheaval all our normal standards have been reversed. Decency has become indecency, and it is the "nastiness" of "nice" people that shocks the sensibilities of the Bertrand Russells.

It is not enough to have released women from the bondage and absurdities of Victorian dress: we must, as a recent writer in the *New Statesman* did, exalt nudity as a new and inspiring religion that is to wash us clean of all our spiritual ailments. It is not enough to have got more frank and sensible relations between the sexes: we must talk about nothing but sex.

Making all allowance for the sincerity of the apostles of the new "morality," it is obvious that it opens the door to abuse. There is money in indecency and there are always harpies ready to exploit it.

And it is being exploited to-day on the stage and in literature with a flagrant and unblushing impudence that would have shocked even the England of the Restoration.

Hardly a play appears without its bedroom scene, and half the films that are shown have cuckoldry for their theme.

An insult

Eminent authors describe scenes of seduction with a particularity that, if it were employed at their table by a visitor, would lead to him being handed his hat and coat and shown to the door.

Why should indecencies which would not be permitted at any civilised table be allowed to be broadcast to the public at large?

"Which of us," asked Mr. Roland Oliver, K.C., in the Clacton case, "would have jokes such as these made at our tables? Then why should they be tolerated because they are uttered before 500 people in a concert hall?"

The assumption of the purveyors of "vulgarity and filth," whether on the stage or in literature, is that we are all on their plane of lubricity. It is an insult, and it is an insult which is not true. Of course, there is a market for this kind of thing, but the bulk of decent people resent it and do not want it.

That was shown by the recent B.B.C. incident which aroused such a widespread protest. The "joke" on that occasion touched the lowest level of coarse and disgusting facetiousness, and the discovery that any family circle was liable to have such an outrage blurted out at it from the loudspeaker raised a storm which will make the recurrence of the indecency impossible.

It is only fair to the B.B.C. to say that in this matter it is generally above reproach, and the promptitude with which an apology was made and the culprit was carpeted was a wholesome lesson in public manners.

But, again, why should not the same standard of decency which we are able to insist on from entertainers in our home not be observed in our places of public entertainment?

This is not a question of prudish squeamishness. No sensible person objects to the discussion of delicate relations or to the humorous situations that rise naturally from them. What is objected to is the furtive and sniggering indecency that has no purpose except to raise a laugh from the groundlings.

Nor am I suggesting anything in the nature of an official censorship of stage or literary morals. That would only create a nuisance of another sort. It would be falling out of the frying-pan into the fire.

And it is not necessary. The public must be the guardian of its own morals, and there are abundant ways of making its feelings respected. Mr. Morris at Clacton has given us an example of one of them. And there are others.

Right medicine

I listened the other evening with great satisfaction to a drastic denunciation by the cinema critic of the B.B.C. of the "lavatory wit" of a film which is now being exhibited. The B.B.C. has an influence in this respect which, judiciously exercised, can do much to restore a standard of decency in public places by making indecency unprofitable.

And the police have powers, too, which need no censorship to strengthen them. I am glad to see that the Home Office is putting them in operation against the flood of pornographic books that is coming into this country from France, America and elsewhere under the impudent disguise of teaching people what they do not need to be taught.

There has been a series of most salutary penalties inflicted on the traffickers in this foul industry during the past few weeks at Hull, Lewes, Leeds, Bristol and elsewhere. Two men at Lewes have been fined £100 for the importation by yacht of dirty books and pictures from France. "A more filthy collection of books I have never seen," said the judge in inflicting the sentence. In a case at Leeds, a particularly bad case, the culprit was fined £500 and costs. This is the sort of medicine that will touch the spot.

Finally, the public themselves can do much, by boycotting the traffickers in "vulgarity and filth," or, still better, by following the example of one of the witnesses at Clacton in publicly demonstrating disgust and disapproval.

NOT FROM THE B.B.C.

Flirting in School

MODERN notions move apace;
Once the young were kept in fetters,
Sternly taught to know their place
In the presence of their betters!

At the new psychology
Tells us now to make concessions;
Kids must go unsmacked and free—
Lest they should acquire "repressions"!

Work must be disguised as play,
All obedience made a favour;
Try new experience they
Have acquired the right to savour!

Gather, ev'ry girl and boy,
Freed from all restrictions Spartan,
Just have freedom to enjoy
Flirting in the kindergarten!

"Flirting is a definite phase in a young person's life," Miss Wilby told a High Wycombe moral welfare meeting. "Flirtations among boys and girls should be encouraged."

Such an opinion is certainly a change from Victorian "stuffiness." But quite a few persons who are not excessively mid-Victorian are now wondering whether some of the anti-repression theories of the new psychology, as applied to the young, are any more intelligent than the old smack-'em-and-keep-'em-in-their-place policy.

Outbreaks of calf love can no more be prevented than occasional outbreaks of measles. But to talk solemnly of "encouraging flirtation" suggests lack of appreciation of the true technique of the pastime.

For, after all, stolen kisses, like stolen fruit, are sweetest. Also, it would be interesting to know at what stage official "encouragement" would give place to official disapproval.

In the young days of many who are not yet old a juvenile flirtation usually began with the shy offer of a bull's-eye, fresh from the pocket and liberally coated with fluff, and progressed until a grubby Romeo was emboldened to pull the hair of his giggling Juliet, who thereupon completed his bliss by sloshing him one across the ear.

But perhaps in this cinematic age our juvenile Romeos and Juliets, conscious of academic encouragement, would attempt serpentine embraces and marathon kisses, as indulged in by the Garbos and Gables of that happy land, far, far (thank heaven!) away.

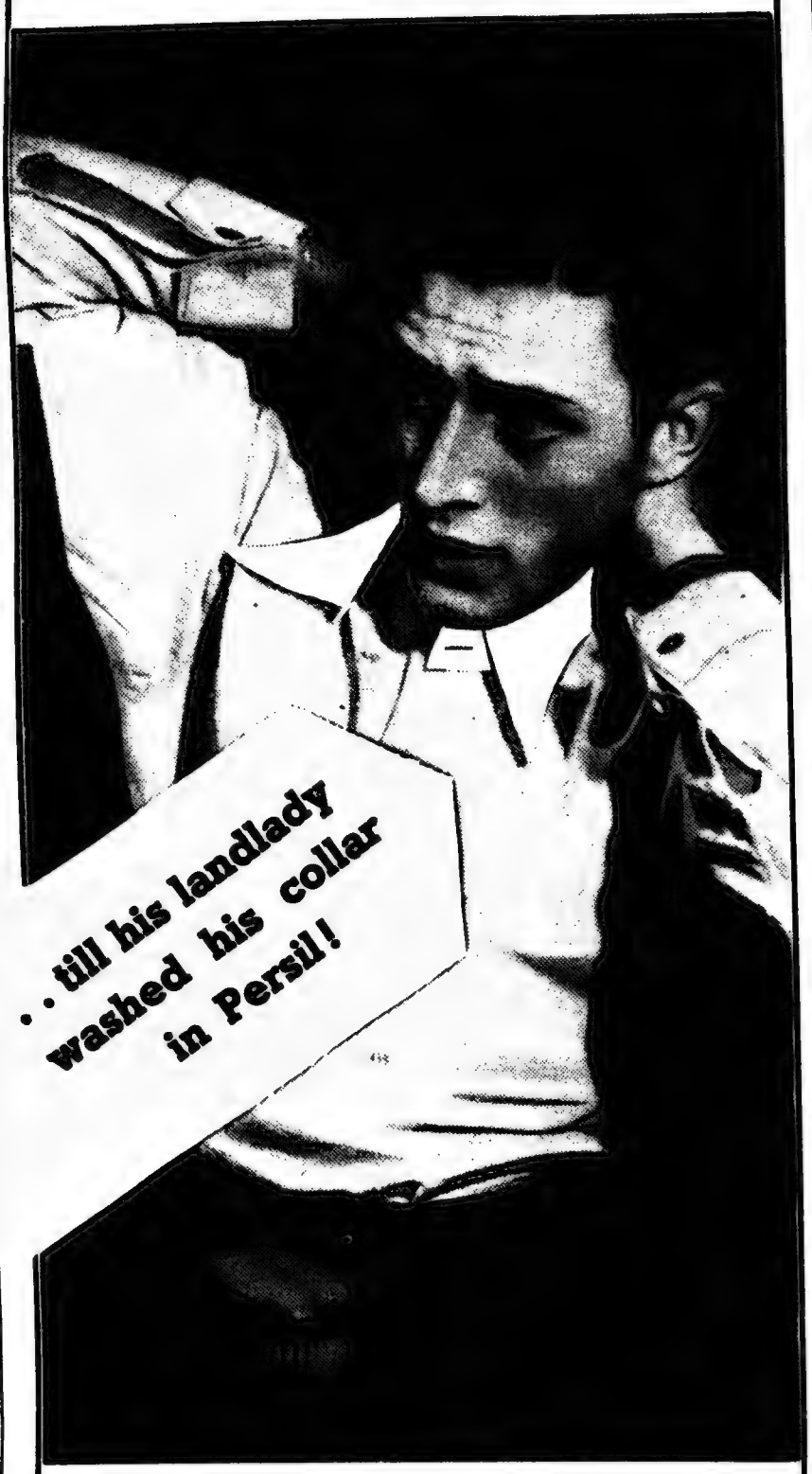
Certain it is that if "encouraged" to "take up" or "go in for" flirting, as a sort of extra subject, like fretwork or fancy cookery, the healthy young will soon regard as a hated task what is now often an endearing phase of love's young dream.

When Billy Jones has learned to write,
To spell a bit and read at sight,
And take down from dictation,
His young attention he must turn
To more important things and learn
The ethics of flirtation!

He must be taught to smile and leer,
And call that gawk, Jane Smith, "My dear,"
While Jane and other misses
Are shown the proper way to blush,
With just a faint becoming flush,
When given awkward kisses.

Self-conscious, Bill will hate his work,
And Jane contrive her best to shirk
The lesson, feeling silly;
And Billy Jones will ne'er again
A loving bull's-eye offer Jane,
Or Jane pass notes to Billy!

He thought his shirt was white . .



No matter how hard you try with other washers, you won't get Persil whiteness without using Persil. It's the *oxygen* in Persil that makes the difference. It sends Persil's soapsuds bubbling through the weave of the fabric—searching out the grey grubbiness that ordinary washers leave behind. So don't be content with a washer that washes things only *nearly* white. *Use Persil*—then all your things will be just as white as the day you bought them. And they'll last for ages and ages, too. For Persil acts only on dirt—never on the fabric.

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The Gas Mask off a— BIG AIR Defence SWINDLE

One of the newer types of gas masks—but far more real and genuine than those which Lumsden-Payne was to make!

A MARRIAGE was due to take place this week between Colonel Theodore Lumsden-Payne, D.S.O., described as a member of the American Yacht Squadron and the New York Jockey Club, and a wealthy young widow whose residence is in one of the eastern counties of England.

The marriage will not now take place. At the last moment the woman has discovered that Colonel Lumsden-Payne is one of the boldest impostors and swindlers who have been at large in this country for many years.

Her prospective husband was supposed to be the owner of one of the largest luxury cruising yachts on the American register, at present lying at Miami, Florida. She happened to mention this fact in a recent letter to one of her relatives who is a member of the British Royal Yacht Squadron and who, on examining the American records, quickly saw that she was being grossly deceived.

This timely and fortunate discovery has assisted in revealing the astounding fraudulent activities of a polished and ingenious scoundrel.

The name of Colonel Lumsden-Payne has lately appeared a number of times in the society gossip columns of newspapers. He has been a conspicuous figure for months past in the galeties of the more exclusive London night-life, and he had come to be accepted by hostesses and in West End clubs as an American sportsman of great riches and unimpeachable social status.

Bogus honours

It is true that Colonel Lumsden-Payne has lately amassed a considerable fortune—by deceit and robbery. He is not an American citizen and has probably never been out of Britain in his life. His military title, honours and sporting associations are as bogus as names he has used to perpetrate his remarkable frauds.

It is unfortunate that his victims so far have been almost wholly people of position who prefer to cut and forget their losses rather than have him prosecuted and their identity and the manner in which they succumbed to his wiles publicly revealed.

It is necessary, however, to give an idea of the scope and methods of this brilliantly imaginative rogue because it has become known that he has made complete preparation for a fraudulent large-scale enterprise which, if floated without warning, would certainly cause the general public to suffer heavily.

The real name of Colonel Lumsden-Payne is David Dyson, and his only military connection was with a British infantry regiment, from which he was dismissed with ignominy after a few months' service. By the use of forged references he became chauffeur to a peer and, on losing that post, was, in turn, a bookmaker's clerk and a theatrical agent.

The foundation of the fortune which he has lately built by his swift series of deceptions was laid with the utmost callousness.

He obtained some thousands of pounds merely by studying the official history of the Royal Tank Corps and memorising from it information regarding the acts of gallantry of officers of that regiment who died in the Great War. He made careful enquiries regarding the families of these officers and selected for his frauds only those of substantial means.

In London, Gloucestershire, Worcestershire, Cheshire, Scotland and other places, he contrived to obtain introductions to the families of these officers, and represented to them that he had not only been a close war-time friend of their dead fathers or sons, but that he had actually led the first tank attack during the Somme offensive.

Wasie paper

He had learned his facts so well and intimately and his knowledge of the operations and personnel of the Tank Corps in the war seemed so circumstantial and rang so true that none of his dupes had the slightest reason to suspect his sincerity or his pretensions.

Dyson never hurries his fraudulent schemes. In every case it was only after he had been received by these families a number of times as their guest that he broached his real mission.

With cruel falsity he led the people who had given him their confidence to believe that he had been in charge for some time of research and experimental work, carried on with the consent of the authorities, to safeguard the civil population in the event of enemy air raids upon Great Britain. He had found his greatest happiness in this task, he said, because it was directed towards such humane and beneficent purposes, but, as a reward from the financiers who had been backing the scientific investigation, he had been allowed a substantial interest in a company which was being promoted both to provide the public with new types of gas-masks and to manufacture parachutes which would soon be in use on all aeroplanes.

Investors were found freely for Air Raid Protections, Ltd., as the company was supposed to be designated, but share-certificates which they were given are only so much waste paper. The story he had told was a tissue of lies.

Dyson, to use his correct name, applied the spoils from this fraud to launch a still larger one. He went to St. Raphael, a resort on the Riviera, and took a short lease of a large villa there, complete with its furnishings and servants. By this time he had obtained a secure place in London society and, choosing his prospective victims carefully, he invited, at different times, parties of twelve or fourteen people to be his guests on his Riviera estate.

In every respect he was a splendid host. Entertainment was lavished without stint. He must have spent thousands of pounds to bait the trap, but he reaped a ten-fold profit.

The guest parties gradually had it insinuated to them that Colonel Lumsden-Payne, as they knew him, was in reality a high commercial agent of the Russian Government. In the utmost confidence, he told them one by one that he had been entrusted by the Soviet Foreign Trade Department to proceed to the United States and buy up in advance a vast acreage of the next crop in the Middle West wheat belt. The object was, he said, to allow the Soviet Government largely to monopolise and control the world supply of wheat next autumn.

Here was an obvious chance for a safe gamble. When he began his advance-buying operations in the United States the market would be bound to rise. So he advised his guests to buy American wheat futures.

But the caution was given to them that they must not on any account go to their brokers or speculate in the ordinary channels. The Soviet Government itself would be buying futures, he was to share in the inevitable profits, and he counselled his friends to place their investments with him so that no hint would be given to the wheat market of Russia's intentions.

It is not known exactly how much Dyson netted from this extravaganza of fiction, but the sum is believed to be about £40,000. One woman alone parted with £15,000. It is almost needless to state that he is quite unknown to the Soviet authorities.

Most audacious among his frauds, however, has been one in which he presented himself to the committees of several exclusive golf clubs in England as a competitor in the forthcoming British Amateur Golf Championship.

He carried letters of introduction from fashionable American golf clubs commending him to the hospitality of the English clubs. With credentials such as these—all forgeries—he was, of course, well received, particularly as the American records showed that the name he used is that of one of the foremost amateur golfers in the United States who belongs to a millionaire family.

At all the clubrooms of the English golf courses at which he presented himself he always carried one of his arms in a black silk sling. This, of course, provided an excuse for not joining the members in their games, but it was chiefly part of the fraud he had planned.

The accident to his arm, he explained, had been caused in a perilous parachute test, and gradually it became known that he was engaged in the promotion of a great company which had already made tentative arrangements with the British, American and French Governments for the sole supply of a new and perfect parachute for their military and civil air services.

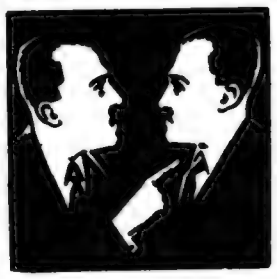
What to do

The wealthy people whom the bogus colonel met at the golf clubs were invited in parties to dine at his West End luxury flat. There they saw numerous signed photographs of celebrated golfers. These were only so many stage properties. But it was in this atmosphere that his guests were persuaded to write their cheques to become investors in the non-existent parachute company.

It is known that for some time this facile scoundrel has been planning the flotation of a £2,000,000 fictitious company to establish chain-stores throughout Britain. For this purpose he has discarded the name of Lumsden-Payne in favour of Colonel Hector Beeton-Stoney, and his intentions are to invite the public privately to subscribe the £2,000,000 capital.

Anyone who receives a prospectus or any other literature concerning this company or who is approached by this man would be best advised to give the information to the nearest police station.

THE HUMAN MACHINE



Talk to Yourself

A MAN can think himself out of almost every difficult situation he may be in. The human spirit can always rise to the heights, no matter how deep the abyss into which it has slipped.

Most difficult situations appear much more difficult than they are because we tend to panic instead of to think. We see things out of perspective as soon as we are "up against it." The first step in the face of trouble is to keep calm and to think.

Real troubles are much more easily borne than imaginary troubles. Real troubles are tonics. Imaginary troubles are diseases. Real troubles call out all that is best in people.

They summon up courage, sympathy, faith. They rouse the fighting spirit, the pluck that is determined to conquer any and every obstacle that may arise.

If mind can be defined at all it can be called the highest form of matter—notwithstanding the contradictory sound of it. And the highest form of force in the world is the manifestation of this mind.

It is a keen-edged tool that can do anything it likes—always provided it is backed up by cold logic and determination, and kept secure from the ravaging effects of unreasoning panic.

What, after all, if life has presented you with a problem to be solved? What is to prevent you saying: "Now look here, you! Be a man! Buck up and pull yourself together."

Talk to yourself like that whenever you feel dispirited and despondent.

However great your difficulties, however grim your situation may look—remember that you're still alive. While you live you can think. While you can think you can, provided you think hard enough, find a way out.

The STRONGHOLD *of* THRIFT

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Extracts from the **EIGHTY-SIXTH ANNUAL REPORT**

Year Ending 31st December, 1934

ORDINARY BRANCH	New Sums Assured	£25,528,783
	Total Sums Assured and Bonus	£235,720,483
	Premiums Received	£12,443,227
	Policyholders' Share of Profits	£2,434,554
INDUSTRIAL BRANCH	New Sums Assured	£60,335,586
	Total Sums Assured and Bonus	£532,117,789
	Premiums Received	£20,259,612
	Policyholders' Share of Profits	£3,909,734
GENERAL BRANCH	Premiums Received: Fire Insurance	£929,463
	Motor Insurance	£524,827
	Sickness & Accident, Employers' Liability, Marine, Sinking Fund and Miscellaneous	£1,667,172

PAYMENTS TO POLICYHOLDERS IN 1934 EXCEEDED **£28,500,000** | TOTAL ASSETS EXCEED **£290,000,000** | TOTAL CLAIMS PAID EXCEED **£460,000,000**

COPIES OF CHAIRMAN'S SPEECH AND DIRECTORS' REPORT SENT ON APPLICATION

MARTYRED *for* EARNING 12/-

BURNS' assertion that "Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn" was never more truly applicable than with regard to the monstrous treatment meted o a mother and her three young chilren by the Fulham Public Assistance Committee the other day.

We have never investigated a case here officialdom has played the part f the tyrant more thoroughly than in his instance, the final desperate scene n which was enacted in a barely furnished room at 129, Fulham Palace Road, London.

It is from this address that relief, both n money and in kind, is administered t the public expense to poor and deserving families resident in what is one f the thriving districts of Greater London.

The mother who went there for assistance in her great distress was Mrs. Elsie Long, of 47, Hazelbury Road, whose husband was certified insane and removed to Banstead Mental Hospital in August, more than four years ago.

Living death

Mrs. Long is the mother of three children, the eldest of whom is a girl aged thirteen years. Her husband was a private chauffeur, who suddenly became a victim of insanity. A fear has been expressed by qualified doctors that he will never again be at liberty.

The case of Charles Long is in itself a tragedy. He was in the full bloom of manhood when he was taken ill. He was in constant employment, well thought of by his employer. He had been happily married for nearly eleven years, and had steadily reduced a mortgage on the house in which he lived.

The home he had gathered together in Stephendale Road, Fulham, was almost paid for when Mrs. Long found herself to all intents and purposes a "widow."

She was left to shoulder the responsibility of rearing two small daughters and a son, but without the pension to which she would have been entitled had her husband actually died instead of being removed to a living death in a lunatic asylum.

For some weeks after her husband was taken away, his kindly employer paid her his wages as usual, but eventually this allowance was, quite naturally, withdrawn. During six months following her husband's incarceration in Banstead Mrs. Long drew 15s. a week from National Health Insurance funds.

Tragic "widow"

In these circumstances, and by means of letting a portion of her home to suitable tenants, she contrived to keep up the payments to the building society which had advanced moneys on her home eight years before.

But at the end of six months the sum she received from National Health Insurance funds was reduced to 7s. 6d., and, in an effort to keep a roof over her head, Mrs. Long went out to work.

The eldest of her three children was at this time but nine years of age; there was a boy of seven, and the youngest child, a girl, was four. Their upbringing was a sufficient task, yet the tragic "widow" was forced to seek employment as a domestic help.

The employment she could secure was uncertain and the amount she earned was small, but Mrs. Long resolutely declined to apply for public assistance, as she might well have done. She comes from an independent Herefordshire family, and the idea of seeking aid or charity was repugnant to her. She went to work each morning, and brought home her weekly wage, amounting to 12s. a week.

She had not, at this stage, made the acquaintance of the Fulham Public Assistance Committee. She nevertheless contrived for some little time to meet her obligations to the building society. The house her husband had secured was still intact.

The tragic mother, Mrs. Long, and two of her three children whom she is fighting to support

Unable to work

But other misfortunes were imminent. During her absence from home in the course of her employment her children inevitably got into mischief. She was at work one day when a fire occurred in the scullery, and only the timely intervention of a neighbour prevented a serious disaster.

Yet a further setback occurred when this plucky mother, on her way home in the evening, was knocked down by a motor car, with the result that she sustained a wound in her head.

She was treated at the nearest hospital, but she went home to carry on. For some weeks following the accident, for which she received not a penny piece by way of compensation, Mrs. Long was unable to go out to work.

The result was that she could not make ends meet. The ground rent for her house unavoidably fell into arrears. She was unable to find the amount due to the building society and the rating authorities.

It was thus in dire need that she went at last to the Fulham Public Assistance Committee. She was interviewed; an official called to visit her; she was again interviewed. Her case was fully investigated, and she was, for the time being, allowed sufficient to meet her immediate needs.

Until this moment Mrs. Long had hoped that her husband would soon be released from Banstead Mental Hospital. It was difficult, finding the money for fares to visit him, but she went whenever she could.

Then the terrible truth was at last revealed to her.

It was doubtful, she learned, that her husband would ever be fit for discharge.

Hard upon this heart-breaking news came other troubles. A sanitary inspector called with regard to certain defects which were found in the house for which she had all but paid. According to the sanitary inspector, it was imperative that these should be carried out without delay.

The cost of these repairs came to £25, and this sum was finally raised from the obliging building society. Thus Mrs. Long found herself still further in debt, and forced to find an increased sum every week.

The Fulham Public Assistance Committee was fully informed as to the facts of the case, but it proved anything but a timely help in time of trouble. The mother who had three children to support was unable to meet her outgoings, and so the mortgagees stepped in and successfully claimed the house in which so much of the family income had been sunk.

Mrs. Long went with her children to dwell in the little flat she now occupies in Hazelbury Road.

The Fulham Public Assistance Committee allowed her a total of 29s. a week in money and in kind for herself and her children.

The children have grown in the meantime. Their respective ages are now eight, eleven and thirteen. In order to feed and clothe these adequately Mrs. Long has gone out to do domestic work.

Her employer speaks most highly of her. Her character is open to investigation from every point of view. The children she mothers are a credit to her.

In recent months Mrs. Long has augmented the slender family income by the sum she earns doing morning work. And this weekly wage comes to 12s., from which both fares and national health insurance are deducted.

A week or two ago a local official made the alarming discovery that Mrs. Long was thus struggling to make things easier for her little ones.

He went forthwith to pay a call on the employer for whom Mrs. Long does housework each day, and the damning truth was confirmed.

Only sin

The result of this discovery was that this well-meaning mother was called peremptorily before a committee to explain her reprehensible conduct! How dare she earn 12s. by casual work and not divulge it? Did she know she was guilty of a breach of the law? she was asked. Was she aware that she could be prosecuted?

A threat of prosecution, in fact, was actually made, and this perplexed mother waits at home for the summons. The Fulham Public Assistance Committee, in the meantime, has refused to grant her a shilling for food.

We know that Mrs. Long was guilty of not disclosing the fact that she was earning 12s. a week. We know that she was allowed 29s. in cash and kind. But then, looking at the matter from a human, rather than from a legal point of view, we sympathise with her in her courage at taking up this form of overtime in order to make things just a little more comfortable for her family.

The Fulham Public Assistance Committee might easily have followed the example of the famous Englishman who put the telescope to his blind eye.

Our Great Jubilee Offer

ON pages 4 and 5 of this issue is an announcement of a historic presentation to every reader—a book which is the publishing event of the twentieth century. It is the Silver Jubilee Book—the story of 25 eventful years.

This large-size, 512-page book is something new in publishing—it is a luxury production, printed throughout in beautiful photogravure. In its pages will be found an imperishable record of the 25 years of the reign of King George V. Never, in the whole history of the world, has there been a period so intensely dramatic or so rich in incident.

Right through the years, from 1910 until the present day, the "Jubilee Book" takes you in magnificent pictures—including hundreds of unique full-page plates—on a journey that young and old will never tire of travelling.

YOU are part of this story. It is more than history—it is the epic of the ordinary man and woman during tremendous times.

To those who have lived through it all it brings back magic memories. To those younger in years it is an education and a revelation. All the questions your children and grandchildren ask you are answered as you can never answer them. Through the pages of this wonder book they see it all with their own eyes. The past lives again! You will see the last horse-tram and the hansom cab, the hobble skirt, the crystal wireless set. The "Battle of Sidney Street," Crippen trapped in the Atlantic.

The gathering of the war clouds, the feverish patriotism of 1914, those incredible years of war, the toppling of thrones, the splitting up of nations, the wonders of invention and discovery, the conquest of the air, the trend of fashions, the progress of industry—it is all here in pictures that will make you thrill.

The pictures in this work have been selected from over 100,000 from all parts of the world—the section covering the Great War is unique and contains an amazing collection from the Imperial War Museum—there is a special supplement showing the almost incredible fashions that have been the vogue from 1910 to the present day.

As a double-page frontispiece there are the last Command portraits of the King and Queen.

The demand for the "Silver Jubilee Book" will be colossal. JOHN BULL readers who wish to secure a copy must reserve in advance. Turn to pages 4 and 5 and make certain that you share in this celebration presentation of a lifetime. Be among the early ones, for all applications will be treated in strict rotation.

FREE!

On the right—the wonderful Free Souvenir of "Forsaking All Others."

Look for this cover on the Bookstalls.

JUST OUT! A great thrill for every member of the family—a beautiful issue of "The Picturegoer" containing inside it a magnificent 16-page Art Souvenir FREE! This unique Souvenir is a permanent record of the great M-G-M film, "Forsaking all Others," and its three great stars—Joan Crawford, Clark Gable and Robert Montgomery. It's simply crammed with fascinating reading and glamorous pictures.

This beautiful souvenir will let you into the secrets, intimate disclosures, the likes and dislikes of three young people who possess an enormous zest for life. You will read how they "got there"—and how they propose to stay put. You will learn what they think of themselves—and each other! You will see in word and pictures the exciting story of the film itself. Remember—even now, film lovers everywhere are reading this announcement and they'll all be hurrying to get this week's "Picturegoer" containing this Free Souvenir. Make sure of your copy by getting it to-day.

PICTUREGOER

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but ready for play at the end of the day! . . .

Read her letter below :—

Dear Sirs,
I can't find words to express, but Bourn-vita has certainly put new life into me. I have a great deal of work during the day, and in days past I was tired out at lunch-time, but a cup of Bourn-vita as a night-cap puts energy into me for a right long day's work, and ready for play at the end of it. You can use this letter if you like any time, but please omit the name and address.
Yours truly (Mrs. S.)

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Last nights **BOURN-VITA** *is helping her now!*

★ **YOU TOO** can get the same help from Bourn-vita. It helps to digest your other food, and thus enables you to get better sleep and to wake up thoroughly refreshed and full of energy. Bourn-vita is also a very nourishing food—a delicious combination of malt, eggs, milk and chocolate.

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How advertising protects the public.

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Weekly Informations from Sir Wyndham CHILDS

Mitchell—the man from Drumheller, Canada, was betrayed by some scraps he threw into a client's waste-paper basket. On the left lies Drumheller, which has no knowledge of his firm, the Canadian Community Buyers

A Bogus TRADE Ambassador

A NEW personality in trade affairs—an Ambassador of Commerce without credentials — is touring Great Britain and victimising scores of wholesale and manufacturing firms in the great industrial towns.

He is an elderly, elegant and eloquent individual named Fred Mitchell, self-described as the representative for England of Canadian Community Buyers, of Drumheller, Alberta.

During the past few months this Mitchell has secured, in the aggregate, large sums of money from influential business men on whom he has imposed his schemes for an extension of export sales between this country and the Dominion of Canada.

I shall show, in the course of this exposure, that the man is not at all what he appears to be.

Really he is a hardened and efficient impostor, against whom endless complaints have been lodged with the Canadian authorities and British Chambers of Commerce.

Now this is the manner in which Mitchell operates. He descends on a town and takes a reservation at a first-class hotel. Then he sets out on a round of factories and warehouses. His visiting cards indicate that he comes from Canada Community Buyers, and when he has secured an interview with the head of a firm he begins his sales talk.

Fervent Gospel

With great fervour he preaches increased trade within the Empire. Canada, he says, desires to purchase more British goods. Statistics of Canadian imports trip from his tongue. The combination which he has the honour to represent can influence important orders.

So it goes on, until Mitchell comes to the point of his argument. He suggests that it is vital for the firm to take space in the special trade brochure he is issuing to Canadian buyers.

The cost will be a comparatively minor matter—only £15—and for that the English firm will secure the influence and interest of Canadian Community Buyers as well as a certified circulation of the catalogue brochure to no fewer than 1,010 "Diplomatic and Consular representatives and buyers."

In many cases, under the Empire spell-binding of Mitchell, an order is given for the supposed Canadian publicity. Mitchell, before he leaves, will always insist on a form of contract being dictated, but he is extremely careful not to commit anything to writing himself.

Recently, Fred Mitchell gathered a wonderful harvest in Leicester. He found the Leicester manufacturers particularly susceptible to his manner and method, and was rewarded with a large number of orders.

But at Leicester Mitchell made one slip. He left behind in an office a bundle of torn letters. These were afterwards examined, and were found to be contracts given him by firms in the Yorkshire textile trade.

Curious that an apparently efficient business expert, a trade Ambassador from Canada, should destroy order records of such a nature! So suspicion against Fred Mitchell, of Canadian Community Buyers, was aroused and the matter came to the notice of JOHN BULL.

In consequence, I caused careful enquiries to be made into the antecedents of Mitchell and his Community Buyers.

Definitely I can state that Mitchell is a man who has no trade backing whatever in Canada. His Canadian Community Buyers are absolutely unknown at Drumheller, Alberta, which incidentally is just a small town and has no real market value to any British firm. The only connection Mitchell has with Drumheller is to hold a post-office address-box there. For a considerable time now Mitchell has been working his Empire trade schemes.

Canadian Community Buyers is the latest peg on which he hangs his easy money-making enterprise. At other times he has adopted as his own a wonderful assortment of supposed trade organisations including:

The Overseas Commercial Union of Ottawa.

Empire Commerce Federation, Ottawa.

Imperial Trade Expansion Co., of Montreal.

Dominion Commerce Development Company.

Board of International Exchange.

Overseas Commercial Union.

Always moving

Each one of those is a spurious concern and exists only in the fertile mind of Fred Mitchell.

Not one is known or is registered in Canada.

An address in Bronson Avenue, Ottawa, which Mitchell frequently uses on his cards and his letter paper, is simply an accommodation address for the receipt of letters. The addresses which Mitchell most commonly employs in this country are in Stanley Avenue, Birkdale, Southport, and Cromwell House, Market Street, Manchester, but the man is always on the move and is extremely hard to locate.

It is a rather interesting sidelight on Mitchell's newest organisation—Canadian Community Buyers—that the imposing letter paper, which bears—impudently enough—the Arms of the Dominion, was engraved by a Belfast printer.

One sharp lesson has already been given to Mitchell as a result of his export trade campaigning..

In January, 1933, he was sentenced at Long Eaton, Nottinghamshire, to six months' imprisonment for obtaining sums of money by false pretences from two local firms.

Evidence showed that Mitchell was then posing as the representative of the Empire Commerce Federation, and canvassed for advertisements for a publication which was to be circulated in Canada and the British Dominions and Colonies. On the ground that the publication was specially authorised with the object of stimulating trade direct with British manufacturers, the two firms placed advertisements and paid their money.

Thirty firms duped

A statement was made in court that there was no such organisation as the Empire Commerce Federation, and, in the cases where conviction was registered, it was proved that the publication had not been mailed according to contract when the cheques were paid.

Clearly, Mitchell does very well from his flamboyant and unscrupulous canvassing, for it is on record that in three weeks recently he obtained money from each of more than thirty firms.

Some sort of advertising booklet, however, *is* compiled by Mitchell, and this he has printed in Belfast and despatched to various addresses, but its value as a means to induce Canadian buyers to purchase British goods is doubtful.

But my investigations make it abundantly clear that he is persistently and consistently masquerading as the representative of a trade organisation which has only a shadow and no substance, and that he makes promises which it is impossible for him to carry through.

In short, the man is just a dangerous and damaging impostor—a bogus trade advocate.

It is satisfactory to learn that he is to be the subject of a warning circular to all the Chambers of Commerce in Great Britain, and that his latest activities are receiving the close attention of the police.

Homely Wisdom—by Canon R. J. Campbell, D.D.

The Quiet Life

THE late Lord Esher's published letters throw an attractive light on the inner life of a man of high station and fine character.

He was a man who could have been almost anything he wanted to be. He had advantages of birth, influence, brains and education. He was trusted by his Sovereign and frequently consulted by statesmen because of his practical wisdom and knowledge of public affairs.

More than once he was offered Cabinet rank but refused it; and the kind of office he was persuaded to accept kept him at Court and in attendance on royalty for a great part of his time.

What he thought about it all is revealed in what he wrote to his son and to intimate friends like Lord Balfour. He loved being away in the heart of the country amid the silence and beauty of nature, and he says: "It makes me share your wonder why we cannot live peacefully and happily here, away from all the turmoil of the great hot feverish world."

Evidently he had simple tastes and was a lover of quiet homely joys, although his lot was cast in the rush and bustle of society and matters of State.

There are other important personages who have similar feelings. I am told that one reason why Esher was a favourite with the King was because of this very quality, which the King shares.

People we never hear of and who are not in the least important share it too. I came across a little country parson the other day, beloved of his flock, who told me that he wanted no other kind of life and did not care if he never saw a town again. He meant it I could see, and he looked thoroughly happy.

How true it is that:

The mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven.

For I cannot imagine Herr Hitler loving a quiet life; nor can I envisage Mr. Churchill as a monk, or Mr. Lloyd George as a hermit. These famous men have much to say about the country, but they cannot keep away from the crowd.

What about the rest of us? On the whole the people of to-day are too restless, too fond of excitement, afraid of being alone.

It is not morally healthy, and one can only hope that the distinguished living thinker is right who prophesies that a time is coming when life will be much simpler than it is now, go at a slower pace and be freer from worry and care.

He touches the point. There are millions of good honest folk in this land from whose minds the shadow of penury and fear never lifts. They would be glad enough to be quiet if they could, but they are always haunted by the necessity of scraping enough to live at all. They seek company in order to forget awhile.

Monotony and absence of change are as bad for the soul as dissipation. The right kind of life to live is the unhurried life, furnished with a sufficiency of gracious fellowship and home comfort, a life that never loses touch with unspoiled nature. It ought to be made possible for every man and woman and child. It is our birthright.

"They're off!"— on the start of another flat racing season. It will be one during which the authorities will have to decide whether or not racing is to be made worthy of public patronage. They are on trial

GREA

A THROATY bell will clang across the Carholme of Lincoln next Monday afternoon. Some thousands of people assembled on that dreary tract will touch their hats in traditional salute. The barrier will have risen to speed the first field of a new flat racing season on its way to the winning post. For eight months afterwards scores of millions of pounds will be at stake.

The days of depression in racing are over. Bloodstock values have risen, prize money has increased, the public attendance at the racecourses grows bigger and the betting turnover is ever swelling.

In conditions such as these, it would be imagined, the Turf must be in its heyday. It is so in respect of capital values, but for the public who have so far made this possible, 1935 will be the most testing year of the sport since the opening of the century. The season about to begin will see the racing authorities standing their trial with the public as their judge and jury. Once and for all it will have to be decided this year whether or not the conditions under which racing is carried on are to be made worthy of public patronage.

To begin with, it will witness a tremendous tug-of-war between the totalisator and the bookmakers, and on the result much depends. In the unceasing effort to swell their income from betting, the Tote managers will open, all over the country, offices for credit betting with the machine. Its rivalry with the layers will become intense.

Into thin air

In principle there can be no possible quarrel with the totalisator as a betting medium. But after five full years of its operation in this country, the time has come when in the public interest frankness is necessary to comment on the methods by which it is being conducted.

Parliament and the public were persuaded to accept the Tote on the clear understanding that it would not appropriate more than 10 per cent. of its revenue, and that it would be a means of contributing to the development of racing and the public comfort.

Neither of these conditions has been observed nor fulfilled.

What has happened in practice is that instead of deducting merely 10 per cent. from all bets for its own purposes, the Tote has been using its powers to take 12 or 13 per cent. This is done by withholding from the public the full odds to which it is entitled, and paying it only to the nearest threepence in the Tote's favour. Out of every £1 betted with the Tote at present, 2s. 6d. practically vanishes into thin air so far as racing is concerned. The money that disappears in this manner never returns, as it does in the betting rings.

The Tote was also commended because, for the first time, it would allow the public to back their fancy not to win but for a place only. This has proved far from being a boon. Because of the appropriation of the "broken money," the dividends returned for place betting have been hopelessly inadequate.

What, then, of the Tote's promised contribution to the betterment and enrichment of racing? It is true that it has had to overcome very serious initial handicaps, but, after five years, it has provided virtually nothing for the objects for which it was legalised.

Trivial help

All that the Tote has been able so far to do is to subscribe a trivial sum to assist the breeding of hunters, but this year, it is understood, part of its comparatively small surplus is intended to be devoted to a remarkable purpose.

The intention is to pay the salaries of a number of expert race watchers who will be appointed to assist the stewards to see that racing is conducted cleanly and honestly.

A more impudent proposal has never been made.

What it amounts to is that the public is to have its bets taxed to ensure that there is no trickery and cheating in the races on which it is betting and which it has paid to view.

There is certainly a most urgent need for the appointment of paid stipendiary stewards on the racecourses. The gentlemen of money and title who are at present responsible for the honesty of the sport certainly do their best, but as a body they are not efficient and are too much bound up with the social side of the Turf to give the necessary time and attention to their duties.

And it is unfortunate that when they do see the need for action against offending stables it is invariably the small men who are singled out for punishment. The big deceivers on the Turf, and there are a few of them, are able to escape detection.

It is fantastic, however, to suggest that the work of detecting dishonesty should be made a charge on the bets of the public.

Compared with all other forms of entertainment, the cost of admission to a racecourse, except at Newmarket, which is the headquarters of the Turf, is extravagantly high. When men and women pay their admission money they should automatically have a guarantee that they will see clean racing or that at least the racecourse companies will bear the cost of enforcing it from their own profits.

There is a still more serious aspect from the public point of view of these new impositions on the vast volume of betting turnover.

When the Tote was introduced with its alluring promises of new attractions and better amenities for the public—none of which has materialised—it was perhaps only fair that the bookmakers competing with the Tote should have been required to contribute their share to the betterment of the sport. It was decided that they should do so by paying each racecourse company a fee for the privilege of carrying on their business, and on most courses the price demanded from the bookmaker has been very high indeed.

Apart altogether from the justice or severity of this tax, a serious position concerning the public has arisen in consequence of it.

Obviously, in face of the competition of the Tote, the bookmakers' turnover has substantially decreased, but out of their reduced receipts they have already contributed more than £1,000,000 by means of this tax for the ostensible purpose of improving racing and the conditions under which the public have to pay to watch it.

Flowers instead!

What has happened to this £1,000,000?

The question must be answered in the season now beginning. The integrity of the directors of racing and the people who were responsible for the introduction of the Tote must be judged by the answer.

This great sum of money collected so easily has certainly not been used for the objects which were announced when the tax was authorised.

Except at Newmarket, where the Jockey Club provides better and better facilities for the public at every meeting, there has been no reduction in the price of admission to scarcely any of the racecourses. Nor has there been, except in a few isolated cases, any effort to improve the deplorable, often disgusting, accommodation provided on the racecourses for the general public.

Here and there the executives who own the tracks have built new grandstands and rooms for their richer patrons, but in the silver rings, which, after all, are the mainstay of racing, the people are still fobbed off with amenities against which even their grandfathers rebelled.

On one of the most important courses of the country the executive has foolishly tried to placate the public by suspending a few pots of geraniums or other flowers from the roof of the shabby grandstand, but the poor racegoer finds that, in return for this concession, after he has paid his admission money, another half-crown is demanded from him if he wishes to occupy a seat between the races!

On most racecourses, still, the toilet accommodation is primitive and scant, and food and refreshment, which are sold at maximum prices, have to be consumed in places where an intelligent farmer would refuse to house his cattle. It is small wonder that so many race tracks which impose ransom prices for admission are described by the man in the street as dustholes.

What is essentially wrong with racing is that it is still regarded by its authorities as the Sport of Kings, whereas it has survived solely because it has become the sport of the masses.

Unlike any other entertainment or spectacle which relies wholly upon public support, it dispenses its

Out of every £1 betted wi

£1,000,000 for Racing —Where is It?

T TURF MYSTERY: Startling Disclosure

Mr. George E. Picken, chairman of the Bookmakers' and Backers' Protection Association (left), and Sir Clement Hindley, chairman of the Tote Board. They are the captains in a gigantic tug-of-war which has already had queer results

favours only to a comparatively exclusive few. Most racecourses are, in fact, run to-day as they were in mid-Victorian times—for the comfort, convenience and profit of their club members. The public is regarded as a mere appendage, and snobbery of the most offensive kind is rife.

Watch the race trains depart from a large railway station . . .

At the platform barriers stand the flunkeys of the racecourse clubs. Their job is to separate the sheep from the goats—the club members from the ordinary public. Both have paid the same railway fare, but the men or women who do not boast club badges are segregated and shooed past a railed-off enclosure to find accommodation where they can in the small part of the train not reserved for the members. It is astonishing that the railway companies themselves countenance these distinctions.

This kind of treatment, apart from the privileges and favours granted to the members on the racecourse, would be understandable if club membership was the financial backbone of racing. It is nothing of the kind. On many courses the members obtain such concessions that, individually, their attendance produces no more revenue than does that of any humble person in the six-shilling rings.

Neither has any of the £1,000,000 taken from the bookmakers recently as a tax to protect the Tote been devoted to the betterment of the actual racing.

Day after day the public has to be satisfied with less than mediocre programmes unworthy of the patronage of owners with good quality horses. One-third of all the races to be run in the coming season are cheap selling plate events which, particularly the two-year-old races of the kind, bring profit only to the racecourse executives and pleasure only to the type of backer who follows the market blindly.

Tote. Practically 2s. 6d. is lost to racing

With the wealth of material available to it a transformation could be brought about in British racing in a few months if it was put under the direction of a showman with the ability of, say, Mr. C. B. Cochran.

It is manifestly most unjust that, while the Tote has given practically nothing to racing, such a large sum of money extracted from the bookmakers as their contribution has not been used for the specific purposes which Parliament had in mind when it was authorised.

The inertia of conservatism among the racing authorities can conceivably ruin the future of the sport in Britain. They prefer, for instance, to remain blind to the challenge of pony racing which is becoming more and more popular solely because the people with vision in charge of it are putting back into the sport all the profits they make and more, so that the public shall be provided cheaply with accommodation which is luxurious in every detail.

The British Turf managers seem also to be paying no attention to the danger signal now being exhibited to them from France.

In that country, where bookmaking is illegal, racing is deteriorating fast. The public there has gone on a kind of silent strike and is refusing to attend the meetings, although the admission prices are only one-half of what they are here. They have become dissatisfied with the constant drain which the Tote makes from the money available for betting. The receipts of the machine have been dwindling steadily, the attendances have been unprecedentedly thin, most of the racecourse companies are seriously embarrassed financially, and owners and trainers are cutting expenses ruthlessly.

The tragedy of the position in Britain is that, notwithstanding the ineffectiveness of the Tote, sufficient money has already been provided to modernise and popularise the sport, but it has been diverted into channels where it should never have flowed.

Challengers

This country is, however, still by far supreme in actual racing merit, and our owners in the new season will face with equanimity the foreign challenge for the most coveted prizes. Twenty Grand, Mrs. Payne Whitney's seven-year-old American champion, winner of the Kentucky Derby and £52,000 of stake money, has been taken from the stud in America and sent to England to compete for the Goodwood Cup, the Doncaster Cup and other rich trophies.

Brantome, by far the best horse produced on the Continent this century, will come from France to take on Windsor Lad and Easton, winner and runner-up in last year's Derby respectively, in the Coronation Cup at Epsom, and afterwards he will oppose our supreme champion, Fellicitation, in the Gold Cup at Ascot. But public interest throughout the season will be focused chiefly on the achievements of the horses belonging to the Aga Khan, who last year completely swept the board with his juveniles. He does not hide the fact that he hopes to accomplish the unprecedented feat of winning all five Classic races in the coming season.

What a tail!

The three of the Aga Khan's horses which will command most attention in the first half of the season are Bahram, Hairan and Theft. Probably in the end, Bahram will be found the most reliable of this trio in the Classic races. But if he achieves success, the colt will pass into racing history as the only great horse which has had a weak and skimpy tail! It is a strange and almost comic deficiency in an otherwise nearly perfect animal.

Hairan, who has grown from an ugly little creature into a magnificent thoroughbred, will be difficult to train if the ground is hard. Theft, being by Tetratema, is not, it is feared, bred to stay.

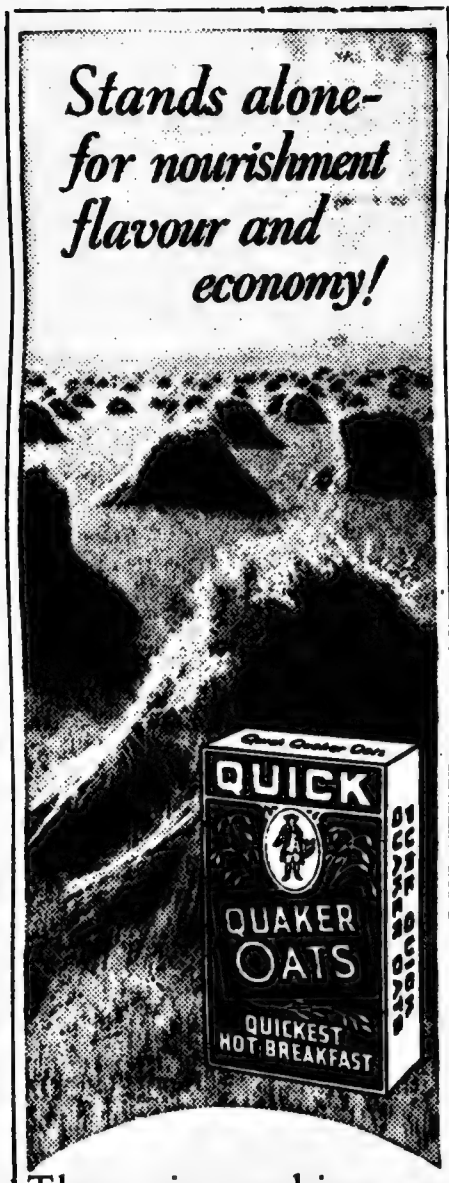
But the Aga Khan will not by any means have it all his own way, either in the Derby or the other Classic races.

'Bred in the purple'

There is in Lord Derby's stable, for instance, a really beautiful horse named Bobsleigh, who has completely recovered from a serious accident which has kept him off the racecourse since last summer. Bobsleigh is "bred in the purple," being out of Toboggan by that champion of sires, Blandford, who is now twenty years old, but still virile and parent of three recent Derby winners.

Bobsleigh is the type of horse who found favour with sportsmen of a former generation. Whereas the Aga Khan's best horses all appear somewhat effeminate in the head, Bobsleigh is masculine and powerful in all his bearing, and in his gallops he appears to take only one stride to match two of any other horse.

In racing the luck of the game does not always go to the rich and famous. If one thing is more certain than another in the season now commencing, it will be that, because their powers were not revealed last year in consequence of the abnormal dry weather conditions, many despised horses will create surprises when pitted against the hitherto recognised champions.



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The delicious creamy flavour of Quaker Oats will appeal to the whole family . . . and where else can you get so much appetizing nourishment at so little cost?

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EXCEPT IN SCOTLAND & N. IRELAND
Two kinds—Quaker Oats and Quick Quaker
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A VICAR Confesses . .

WHY I HARBOURED A CRIMINAL

I ONCE conspired to conceal a crime, and, although I'm a parson, I'm not sure whether I regret it or not. That I can leave to your readers to decide. At any rate, after years of secrecy, even this anonymous confession to some extent relieves my mind.

It was a long time ago, or I would not tell the story, because—and here's the rub—it isn't just a minor thing like my peace of mind which is concerned, but the whole life and happiness of an honest man—honest except for one slip. And, I always think, what is my peace of mind in comparison with that?

I had just been appointed to my first living then, a poorly enough paid, hard-working, country living in Blankshire. But it was a great change to me, for hitherto I had been a curate in one of London's most poverty-stricken East End parishes.

I had married a year previously, and our first baby had appeared; and, while my heart ached for all the sun-starved little ones I had left behind in my London parish, I dared not refuse the chance of bringing up our own child amidst the healthier surroundings of the countryside, especially as he was not a particularly strong kiddie.

But I was sorry to leave my London friends—the teeming parish, with its multitudinous activities: dramatic clubs, musical society, debating society, Sunday-schools, girls' clubs, boys' clubs. . . . And that leads me directly to my story, for its chief personage is a boy who was a leading figure in our Boys' Club.

Jerry—I am giving him a false name—was a popular figure among our lads. A handsome, intelligent boy, he was leader in many of the club's activities, both athletic and social—and also, I fear, sometimes in sporadic bursts of mischief which were not features of our programme of events.

But, although full of good spirits which at times might be likely to overflow in some prank or hoax, there was no real vice in Jerry.

♣ ♣ ♣

To a considerable extent I counted on his help with the lads—tough lads they were, too, ranging from fourteen to twenty, and drawn from as hard-fighting, hard-swearing a section of London's population as you will find anywhere in the Metropolis.

And this I will say: he loyally seconded my efforts; and, once he had given his word to carry out some direction, you could stake your all he would do so.

He was not a deeply religious type, and his work in the club was, perhaps, inspired more by personal loyalty to myself than any more abstract motive.

The boy collapsed in a chair, and then broke down in a torrent of tears

JOHN BULL
Readers' Stories
No. 122

At the time when I received my living, Jerry was out of work. He was seventeen, and had held some half-dozen "blind-alley" jobs, as had a number of the other lads, each of which successively was lost as the boy became too old for it.

But, during the course of his employment as page-boy, pot-boy, here and there in hotels or restaurants, he had picked up the art of the "carver"—the expert who slices ham and beef for sandwiches behind the "snack" or lunch buffet in hotel or restaurant.

It therefore became Jerry's ambition to become a "carver," and, as there really is a considerable amount of skill attached to the craft, and it is by no means limited to young people, and does not pay badly, I encouraged him in this. Before I left I introduced Jerry to my successor in the curacy, and claimed for him the same measure of loyalty and co-operation which he had given to me. This Jerry promised, and I knew him well enough to know that he would stand by his word. I also exacted from him a pledge that he would write to me, from time to time, and let me know how he was getting on.

He kept his promises, and I heard from him occasionally. Then one day there came a letter, saying that he had at last secured a job, in an establishment belonging to a multiple firm of licensed caterers.

It appeared to be a sort of combination of pot-boy and waiter, but the best feature of it was that the manager had promised, in a few months' time, to see that he had a chance for a try-out as carver, if his services proved satisfactory.

It was two weeks after the receipt of this letter that Jerry appeared. I was sitting in my study, engaged in the task of preparing my sermon for the coming Sunday, when I heard a tapping at the french window which opened on to the garden.

I turned—and there stood Jerry! Something wild and distraught about the boy's expression immediately struck me. I rose, opened the window and led him into the room.

The boy collapsed into a chair, looked at me for a moment, his lips working inaudibly, and then broke down in a torrent of tears.

♣ ♣ ♣

Needless to say, I was amazed—not merely by his sudden apparition, but also by this outburst of emotion. Jerry was by no means a hysterical type, and, in common with other lads of his class, scorned such exhibitions of weakness as worthy only of a "softie." I knew, therefore, that the occasion must be grave indeed.

I did my best to calm him, and eventually he was sufficiently recovered to tell me his story. And a disturbing story it was.

It appeared that he had worked at his job for two or three weeks, and that the position was by no means as good as he had thought it would be.

The wages were, in fact, very meagre; and he formed the opinion—whether truly or not, I had no means of testing—that the manager's promise of eventual promotion had been merely a species of bait to secure his services cheaply. But still, he continued to work loyally and satisfactorily—until the fatal day.

One morning the manager called to

(Continued on page 28)

Bulmer's cider suits everyone

5,000,000 Gallons needed yearly to satisfy the Nation's thirst . . . .

BULMER'S present storage capacity is five million gallons and the demand is growing all the time. Bulmer's is thoroughly enjoyed in the country, of course, because it is a country-made Cider. But many thousands of gallons go to South Wales for the miners and to the big cities for the stockbrokers. A drink that appeals to countrymen and industrial workers must be a worthwhile drink—but that is only half the story of Woodpecker. Men used to good French Wines like it. Women too. In fact, Bulmer's suits everyone. Try a flagon, and we believe you will agree.

10½d a flagon

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RATIONAL TAILORING

What! *another new Suit?*

HE: Yes—don't you like it?

SHE: But it's hardly three months since you had the last.

HE: I know, but I *like* two or three suits to ring the changes on. You girls are always having different dresses surely we men are entitled to a bit of variety.

SHE: You're jolly lucky to be able to afford it. My brother always grumbles and groans when he has to buy a new suit.

HE: He ought to go to my tailors. He wouldn't have to worry then.

SHE: So that's it! You keep your tailor waiting for his money!

HE: I certainly do *not*. I pay cash on the nail.

SHE: Well, what's the secret?

HE: Simply that I go to The Fifty Shilling Tailors.

SHE: You mean you only pay fifty shillings for your suits?

HE: Generally. I paid seventy-five for this one. Is it so much different from your brother's?

SHE: It looks every bit as good to me. But surely they don't last?

HE: I've been going to them for two or three years, and I'm still wearing the first suit I got from them.

SHE: I must tell Bob. He's always grumbling about his tailor's bills. He's even said he wonders how you always manage to look so—prosperous!

The FIFTY SHILLING TAILORS

For patterns write to:

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OVER 250 DEPOTS IN ALL PRINCIPAL CITIES AND TOWNS

Proprietors: Prices Tailors Limited

"I stand for Quality!"

"Madam—you can only obtain soup of such quality and flavour by asking for Chef Soups, because I make them myself—I, who am a famous Chef. It is I who select the tender spring gathered garden vegetables. It is my hand that seasons and blends them into a delicious soup exactly as I prepare it for the greatest banquets."

"And you save money too, every time you ask for my Chef Soups, for I make them so highly concentrated that they *require* the addition of at least their own bulk of water. Every 4½d. tin thus makes five great plates—great platefuls of the most delicious soup you ever tasted—the proof is in the eating—so try them and judge for yourself."

CHEF TOMATO SOUP

4½D large tin, makes five great platefuls

6D family tin, makes eight great platefuls

Mixed Vegetable, Green Pea, Celery, Asparagus, Ox Tail, Mock Turtle, Mulligatawny, Consommé, Chicken, Kidney

Steele

A VICAR CONFESSES . . Continued from Page 26

I FOOL the DOCTOR

him and asked him to take some money to the bank; and he handed him £60 in pound and ten-shilling notes. Jerry doffed his white jacket and set out.

"It sort of came over me suddenly on the street, padre," he said, looking at me with wide, staring eyes, and with a recurrence of convulsive sobbing. "I can't explain it to you. You know, I've never done anything wrong before—not even 'nicked' things from shops, like so many of the fellows. For one thing, I've never believed stealing paid. The game's not worth it, apart from the dishonesty—— I can't tell you now why I did it."

But he did do it. He did not go to the bank with the money, and he did not return to his place of work. Nor did he go home. He was hatless, and had no overcoat or raincoat.

The first thing he did was to buy himself a hat—the bowler he was now wearing. Jerry had never worn a bowler before, and, in truth, I had to confess that it was a successful disguise. An overcoat, some shirts and a cheap suit-case were his next purchases. And all the time he was in a fever of apprehension.

♣ ♣ ♣

Then he took the train to Manchester, where he embarked on a course of reckless expenditure. Boy-like, he could find nothing upon which to spend money but the cinema, the music-hall, and expensive meals and lots of sweets and cigarettes. Jerry was a clean-living lad, and was not tempted by dissipation.

He had been in Manchester a day or two when he came to himself.

"I thought I must have been crazy," he told me. "And, you know, padre, I wasn't enjoying it all a bit! I felt I'd ruined my whole life. But, still, what could I do? I'd spent nearly £10 of the money, and I couldn't go back. Every copper I passed on the street I was scared of. Oh, it was rotten, I can tell you! And then I thought of you."

So he had gone at once to the station and taken a ticket for my village.

And here he was—repentant and scared out of his wits. And what was I going to do about it, I wondered privately, gazing at him sorrowfully.

"It was a pity you didn't think of me before you did it," I said, somewhat sternly. "It might have helped you to keep your senses!"

"I know, padre. I know," he assented, and lay back in his chair watching me miserably. "Do you think I ought to give myself up? I'll do anything you say."

♣ ♣ ♣

Well, to tell you the truth, at first I didn't know what to advise. You must remember that I had spent several years in a parish where juvenile crime was no novelty, and I knew full well what might happen to Jerry.

It might mean probation, but also it might mean several years' Borstal—and this was more likely, considering the sum, and the other circumstances. But, whatever the result, it would probably ruin his chances in his chosen trade. For what excuse could he give for a breach of trust of this nature? And how explain the lack of references covering a considerable time?

Yet, looking at Jerry, as he sat there, truly repentant, I felt convinced that there was no real criminal tendency in the boy. It had been a sudden mad impulse and he had already had his lesson. I felt that he would never again repeat it—if only he could get another chance, and evade the stigma of crime.

But, if not—then probably he would be forced to take to crime, for want of an alternative method of earning a living. Then, again, there was his widowed mother to be considered, a sweet, hard-working woman, who lived for her son, and who must now be suffering agonies of worry and shame—for surely the police must have visited their home.

Then I had my flash of inspiration—criminal inspiration, perhaps you will call it.

"Jerry," I said masterfully. "You don't know what you have done—do you understand me? You have no memory whatever of what has happened to you since you left your place of work with the money that day.

"You've been suffering from amnesia—loss of memory. You just don't know anything that has happened from the moment you walked out of the restaurant until you found yourself here in my garden. You think vaguely that you have been wandering about—that's all. Now, empty your pockets of everything connected with your travels, and so on. And leave the rest to me."

I glanced out of the window. No one was in the garden at the rear of the house. My servants were in the kitchen; my wife was out in the car with our son.

"Go out into that garden and roll in the dirt and mud," I commanded. "Get yourself looking as though you have been sleeping out."

♣ ♣ ♣

Jerry did the job thoroughly, and returned. Then I made him lie down on the couch in my study, and I went to the telephone and rang up our local doctor. I had also ascertained that Jerry had about £50 of the stolen money in his pocket.

When Dr. Jones arrived, I told him that I had found Jerry wandering aimlessly about the garden. The boy lay there, replying in toneless monosyllables to the doctor's questions.

I told the doctor that I knew him, that he was a very bright lad, and that I could not understand what had happened to him, unless he had lost his memory. And obligingly the doctor confirmed my diagnosis. We took Jerry upstairs and put him to bed, and then I 'phoned the police.

Well, what with my account and the doctor's diagnosis, the story was believed. The London police were communicated with, and, after Jerry had recovered, we went up together—Jerry, the doctor and I—to interview the manager of the place where he had worked.

I made good the £10, and everybody was satisfied. For the manager had not reported the theft to the police—only the lad's disappearance. There was ample reason for this: the manager had no right to entrust a considerable sum of money to a minor employee, especially one who had only been working there for a week or two: and he feared that, if this came to the knowledge of the firm employing him, he would probably lose his post. So in the meantime he had made good the loss himself.

♣ ♣ ♣

Jerry did not return to his old job—that could hardly have been expected! But, so grateful was the manager to receive back the £60 that he gave Jerry an excellent reference—once again I fear I here connived at an irregularity, for undoubtedly my presence, or rather that of my cloth, made everything easier.

And, within a month, Jerry secured a position—the much coveted position of "carver," this time at a South Coast resort. And now he is the manager of a large and popular restaurant in a big North Country city—married, substantial, and respected by all. My belief in him has been more than justified.

I do not quite know what the moral of this story is. My wife—who had always a soft spot in her heart for Jerry and who assisted in the deception—sometimes hints laughingly that I mistook my vocation and might have made a most successful confidence trickster!

Undoubtedly I did conspire to defeat the ends of justice, and undoubtedly, in this one case, the results have been beneficent for all concerned—except perhaps for myself and my conscience. And that, also, I must admit, has not been particularly uneasy. But I devoutly trust that I shall never be tried again!

"The Greatest of These—"

STILL *in the* WAR

Three of the kiddies

THIS is the only picture we could get of thirteen-year-old Ivy and her two sisters, aged nine and eight years. They are the three eldest out of a family of five little girls—the two youngest being five and three years old.

Their ex-Service dad writes: "I can honestly say I have not known what it is to be properly well for the last four years.

"First, for three years I was practically crippled with rheumatoid arthritis in the legs, having to crawl about with sticks. But, thank God, that got a lot better, and just as I thought I was going to begin a new life, I was taken bad with this internal trouble, which needs a serious operation.

"But still I am game. I helped to fight at the beginning, and will fight to the last. But it is a hard fight with only 36s. from Public Assistance, and out of that 10s. 6d. rent, coals 3s. 6d., and five children to try to feed and clothe.

"Also, I had one of the children in hospital for nine weeks with heart trouble, and another is very frail.

* * *

That is Ivy's father's plain statement of facts. The reason he needs help is because the doctor of the hospital he attends states that he must be admitted for an operation.

This would mean less money coming in for his wife and kiddies, and he is expected to contribute towards his hospital expenses. His National Health Insurance benefit is exhausted owing to his protracted illness.

His doctor states that he is suffering from gastric ulcers and requires an operation, adding, "The particulars of the case are known to me. He is a genuine case needing help."

Donations earmarked "Ivy" will be devoted to this family, and, as in the case of subscriptions intended for the general fund, should be addressed to: The Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Lists of subscriptions are kept at the office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

"Safe from colds—since nurse told me to protect her weak spot"

"I used to worry so about my little Brenda—she caught such heavy colds," says Brenda's mother. "Then the Nurse explained that all children from 6 months to 13 years have one Weak Spot. She said if I protected Brenda's Weak Spot she'd be safe from coughs and colds.

Why schoolchildren catch colds

"I was amazed when Nurse told me why schoolchildren catch colds more easily than new babies. She said babies are born with mother's strong blood inside them. But growing children have only their own weak blood. That is why Brenda needed special help.

"Nurse said germs of coughs, colds, influenza, diphtheria and bronchitis attack through the tissues of throat and lungs. This is the *Weak Spot*.

How to protect children

"Nurse said doctors recommend Scotts Brand Emulsion to protect the Weak Spot because it builds up 3 times more germ-resisting power than ordinary malt and oil. It gives children body-building fats, too. So it builds up muscle, blood and flesh. How thankful I am now to have Brenda safe from colds!"

Start *your* child on this best-of-all protections today. Give Scotts Brand Emulsion especially *during*, and *after*, colds for quick recovery.

Scotts Brand Emulsion

MUMMY AND DADDY!

Get rid of your own coughs and colds.

The quickest way for grown-up people to shake off a cold, or get rid of a hacking cough, is to take a spoonful of Scotts Brand Emulsion *every day*. Because Scotts Brand Emulsion builds up your resistance. You will feel fit in a few days. Take Scotts Brand Emulsion regularly and keep free from coughs and colds through the treacherous spring months.

You need never hesitate to buy goods advertised in "John Bull"—they are all Guaranteed.

The "John Bull" Guarantee appears on p. 37.

HAYWARD'S

MILITARY PICKLE

Appeals to all palates. It is crisp without being hard, small without being too "mashy," neither too sweet, not too sharp.

Of all Grocers

HAYWARD BROS., LTD.
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AT ONCE, your skin feels refreshed

NOW REDUCED TO 4½D A CAKE

As soon as you use Pears Original Transparent you will notice that its lather is different. It is a fine, creamy lather—a lather which penetrates deeply and gives that wonderful tonic effect which makes Pears "Matchless for the Complexion."

You can feel at once, when you use Pears, that your skin is more thoroughly cleansed—that it is toned up and refreshed. You know that here indeed is a soap which must bring greater complexion loveliness.

Buy a cake of Pears today. Now, it costs only 4½d., and it lasts so long that it is the most economical of all good toilet soaps.

ECONOMY NOTE
There is no waste with Pears Soap. It stays firm till it is worn to wafer thinness. The wafer, moistened, fits snugly into the hollow in a new cake, and becomes part of it.

Pears

ORIGINAL TRANSPARENT

T.P. 138/34

See what a wonderful lather you get from Pears Jif Stick or Cream FOR SHAVING 6D CREAM ALSO IN 1F SIZE

Now Mary's the brightest girl in the school!
WHY NOT SEE THAT NURSE ABOUT HER SHE'LL NEVER GET A SCHOLARSHIP AT THIS RATE
WELL MARY GETS THE BEST OF FOOD—BUT IT DOESN'T SEEM TO DO HER ANY GOOD
SHE ISN'T HALF THE GIRL SHE OUGHT TO BE
I'VE SEEN SEVERAL CHILDREN LIKE IT I RECOMMEND ROWNTREE'S COCOA. IT HELPS DIGESTION AND THEY GET MORE GOOD FROM FOOD.
6 MONTHS LATER
MARY'S DONE WELL AGAIN AT SCHOOL
YES, IT'S FINE. SHE'S NEVER LOOKED BACK SINCE WE CHANGED TO ROWNTREE'S COCOA WITH MEALS.
Mary's the brightest girl in the school—
Mrs. BROWNING
217 Anerley Road, S.E.20.
"I was worried about Mary. Although she got good food, she was always tired so I decided to see a nurse who explained that most girls suffer because they do not digest food properly and get enough nourishment from it. I took her advice and gave Mary Rowntree's Cocoa. She picked up at once and now she's doing well at school."
ROWNTREE'S ELECT COCOA
FREE Gift Coupons in every tin. Send postcard (postage 1d.) to Dept. KD8, Rowntree & Co. Ltd., York, for Free Gift Booklet, which includes many children's gifts.
5½d. per ¼-lb. tin
½-lb. tin, 10d.
ROWNTREE'S COCOA
ACTUALLY HELPS DIGESTION

HUMAN DOCUMENTS probed by PHILIP INMAN

HAPPINESS MONEY

"the Little More.."

IT was Charles Dickens who said that if a man earned a pound a week and spent a pound and sixpence he would soon come to disaster. That may sound very trite, but it is very true.

There are many people who, by exercising strict economy, are just able to make both ends meet. If only they could earn a little extra, it would make all the difference to them—"the little more, and how much it is"—and in that quest they turn to various pursuits, including journalism. They try their hand at short story writing as well as general articles. And with some success, as the following letter testifies:

"I have been married eleven years, and my husband has a small holding near this market town. We have two children—a boy of ten and a girl of six—and they both attend the local elementary school. It has been a hard struggle to keep going, as there is no money in pigs and poultry nowadays.

"I was anxious to do the best I could for my home and children, and as I was a school-teacher before my marriage I tried to think of ways and means of turning my education to good account.

"Three years ago I sent a short article on farm life to a weekly magazine, and, to my surprise, it was accepted. Ever since then I have been writing regularly with a fair amount of success.

"Now comes my problem. Although the money I earn has been of great help to us, my husband does not approve of my doing it. 'Scribbling again,' he says, in a nasty way, whenever he sees me writing, and last night we had our first real quarrel since we were married. He told me that he would have made a bigger success of his own job if I had helped him more instead of spending my time writing for the papers.

"Honestly, I don't know what to do for the best, and would be grateful for your advice. I love writing for its own sake, and, of course, the money, besides helping us now, will also assist us to educate our kiddies. On the other hand, I naturally don't want my home life to be ruined. Will you tell me quite frankly what you think?"

It seems to me there can be only two reasons for the attitude adopted by this husband. It may be that he is jealous of his wife's success or he may think my correspondent is neglecting her duties as a wife and mother. If that is true, then I think he has cause for complaint.

☆

MOST women would agree that it is a whole-time job to look after a husband, a home and two small children. And it is difficult to know how this woman can spare the necessary time for writing. But whatever the cause for this man's antagonism it ought not to be impossible to reach an arrangement satisfactory to them both.

I suggest, therefore, that this man should withdraw his opposition, providing that his wife does not allow her literary work to absorb all her time and interest—her husband and children must come first; and that my correspondent devotes some of the money she earns to obtaining help in the home. That will ensure the smooth and comfortable running of things.

I hope that she will win her husband's approval to these proposals. But if he remains adamant, then she must answer this question for herself: Is it worth while to achieve success and money if it means the wreckage of her home?

This reader has had many of her contributions accepted by the Press. Others, alas, have not been so fortunate. Here is a letter from a young man who says:

"I am nineteen years old, and at present unemployed. For the past few years I have had the idea in my head that I can write. I have bombarded editors with articles and stories which, in my opinion, are as good as, if not better than, any of the material which is published daily. These articles come back with unfailing regularity, and except for an odd one accepted, results have been nil.

"I want to make good for two reasons. First, to give my mother some of the good things in life before it is too late, and secondly because writing is the only occupation which could ever satisfy me. I must confess that my enthusiasm is beginning to wane, and I am about ready to give up. Everything seems so hopeless. I have faith in my writing, but the editors do not seem to share it. Should I give up and spend my time in something more profitable, or should I persevere in my seemingly futile quest?"

They talk of the audacity of youth. This young man's articles and stories are "as good as, if not better than, any others published daily." That is what *he* feels, though editors do not apparently share his opinion. I am afraid he has a lot to learn! And yet I hope he will succeed because first of all "writing is the only occupation" that he thinks will ever satisfy him.

I always hold that a man can do his best work if his heart is in his job. And, secondly, he wants to make good for the sake of his mother. That is a very praiseworthy ambition. But there are two economic facts this young man has to face. He is out of work, and he has had practically no success with his journalistic efforts, and in the meanwhile he has to live.

☆

HIS first step, it seems to me, is to find a job of some kind. It would be helpful if he could obtain a position in a newspaper office either as a clerk or as a junior reporter. If that is not possible, then he must take any work that he can get. He can then utilise his spare time in writing articles and short stories until he has obtained a sure foothold in that sphere.

If he has definite gifts, he is as likely to succeed as anyone else. But he must be prepared to face disappointments and still keep his enthusiasm.

My next correspondent must take some of these things to heart. This time the problem is from a girl, who writes:

"Please will you tell me if the enclosed articles are fit for publication and whether it is worth while going on with my desire to write? I am at present employed as a clerk in a factory, but I dislike it. I am not afraid of work, but I cannot seem to fit into the brisk mechanical life around me.

"My home is a happy one, and I love my family, but not one of them cares for Shakespeare, poetry or much of the music I like. I would give everything to be able to write well enough to have books published. To write books—I am afraid that is too much of a dream.

"Please, what should I do—go on writing in my spare time—I leave home at eight most days and do not get back until eight at night—or force myself until I become accustomed to factory life?"

The housewife's extra money from writing may be useful, but the work should not interfere with the smooth running of the home

Now let me give one word of warning. It is no use my readers sending me manuscripts to read. With all the good will in the world, I haven't the time to do so. I am fully occupied in dealing with the many hundreds of human problems that reach me every week. But having said that, let me say that I made an exception in this case. The work of my correspondent certainly shows promise, and she obviously has a gift for describing places and people. But her writings lack polish and maturity, and those things can only come by practice and experience.

☆

NOW, in her present circumstances, this girl has little chance to achieve her ambitions. At the end of a twelve hours' day she must be too tired to do herself justice. I suggest, therefore, that she should try to find other work where she would have more leisure.

This would enable her to attend literary classes and lectures. She must also study such books as "The Literary Year Book" and "The Authors' and Writers' Year Book." These will tell her what markets are available for short stories and articles, the rates of remuneration paid, and to whom the contributions should be sent.

She will also profit by reading the lives of a few great writers. I would recommend to her J. A. Spender's "Life, Journalism and Politics," and a fine series of books on writing by Michael Joseph.

And yet all these things, though very helpful, are only accessories. Writers, after all, are born and not made. If this girl has it in her, she can carve out a career for herself. And it is work that carries with it a great thrill and fascination.

Send your private problems to "Humanist," at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing stamped envelope. £1 1s. is paid for each letter quoted.

Children clamour for Kellogg's

Children thrive best on food they like. So let them have Kellogg's Corn Flakes for breakfast, after school, or at bed-time. They're so light and easily digested and contain the very nourishment children need. And their crisp freshness cannot be equalled.

Serve Kellogg's with cold milk or cream, and honey or fruit added—straight from the red-and-green packet. No cooking and most economical. A 6½d. packet provides ten heaped platefuls.

Kellogg's CORN FLAKES

Made by KELLOGGS in LONDON, CANADA.
6½d. per packet. Irish Free State excepted.

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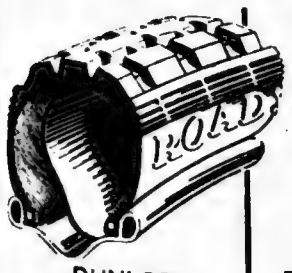
It is better to buy- DUNLOP

There is a Dunlop Cycle Tyre to suit every requirement, and each one is the best you can buy at its price.

There are Roadster Tyres—from the World's Best, the Dunlop Fort at 8/6, Tube 3/-, to the Invader, Scout or Cruiser, all 2/11, Tubes 1/3.

Dunlop Speed and Sports Tyres are the fastest and liveliest of their kind. Prices from 8/6 to 5/9, Tubes 2/9 to 2/3.



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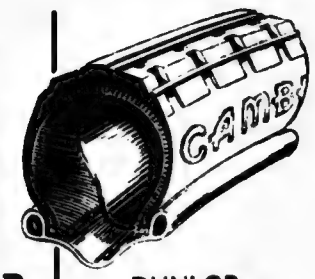

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DUNLOP RUBBER CO. LTD., FORT DUNLOP, BIRMINGHAM.
Branches throughout the World.

C.F.H.

Why was Mollie always left behind?

OH, MISS EDITH, MOLLIE AND CLARE HAVEN'T TURNED UP YET. MOLLIE'S ALWAYS TERRIBLY SLOW
WE MUST GO BACK AND LOOK FOR THEM
COO-EE-EE
WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH MOLLIE?
SHE SAID SHE WAS TOO TIRED TO GO ON, SO I THOUGHT WE'D BETTER STAY HERE WHILE SHE RESTED
THAT'S MOLLIE'S MOTHER
MOLLIE SAYS SHE WANTS TO LEAVE THE BROWNIES
THE TROUBLE IS MOLLIE IS OUT-GROWING HER STRENGTH MRS. HARCOURT. NOW IS THE TIME SHE NEEDS SOMETHING TO BUILD HER UP. IF I WERE YOU—
RUN QUICKLY! THAT WILL BE YOUR GOOD DEED FOR THE DAY. YOU HAVEN'T FORGOTTEN WHAT YOU'RE GOING TO BUY
A BIG BOTTLE OF HORLICK'S!
3 MONTHS LATER
THEY'VE MADE MOLLIE A SIXER I'M SO PROUD!

DOES your child sometimes lag behind as Mollie did? The reason is probably the same — the little body lacks the nourishment it needs for *growing*, as well as for work and play. This is why so many children get easily tired—are often under-weight — they are the first to catch winter colds and 'flu.

Horlick's, at supper and mid-morning, provides children with all the vital elements for growth and *extra* energy. Children love its flavour! It is economical, too — the milk is in it, add water only. Prices from 2/-. Also the Horlick's Mixer, 6d. and 1/-.

HORLICK'S BUILDS SOLID FOUNDATIONS TO CHILDREN'S HEALTH

STOP for NUTTALL'S RUMBOES

The "Good Companion" to Nuttall's Mintoes

YOU TOO CAN CURE RHEUMATISM

I have treated —— for Rheumatism and Sciatica with URACT brand TABLETS with excellent results; she is better than she has been for years. Sister M.C. N——, S.R.N. Free sample from Newbery & Phillips Ltd., 330, Banner Street, London, E.C.1. From your Chemist, 1/3 and 3/-.

A regular beggar for his Bob Martin's

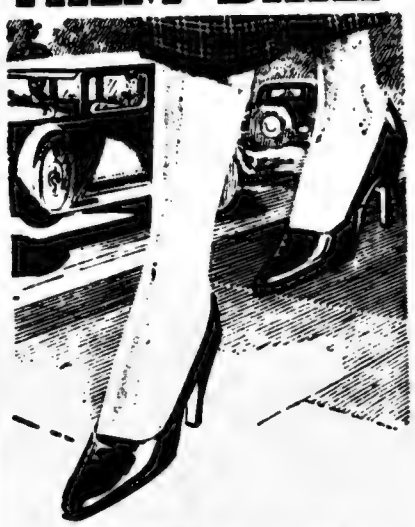
"My dog Peter will be 19 next Easter," writes Mr. E. J. M. of Bournemouth. "He has had Bob Martin's since he was a puppy and is in fine condition. He never seems to feel his years."

THE regular beggars for their Bob Martin's are the dogs who get Bob Martin's Condition Powders every week-end – morning, noon and night, every Saturday and Sunday. Your dog needs this regular conditioning, for there are no pores in his skin to carry away impurities from the blood. And at this time of year, when he gets little exercise, his need is urgent. Let him be a regular beggar for his Bob Martin's – then he will *always* be fit and in lovely coat.

BOB MARTIN'S TASTELESS **CONDITION POWDERS**

9 *powders* 6*d.*; 21 *powders* 1/-

POLISH THEM DAILY



The DAILY SHINE for smarter shoes....
The DAILY SHINE for greater comfort.
The DAILY SHINE for longer wear.....
The DAILY SHINE for waterproof shoes

Polish them daily with

Cherry Blossom Boot Polish

and notice the difference!

CB 76-22

WEAPON we can DO Without

ON March 23, one hundred years ago, a young American named Samuel Colt patented in London a "revolving pistol." Thus was born the revolver, the weapon of glamour, of crime and adventure, the weapon designed, bought, and used for one purpose only—to kill man.

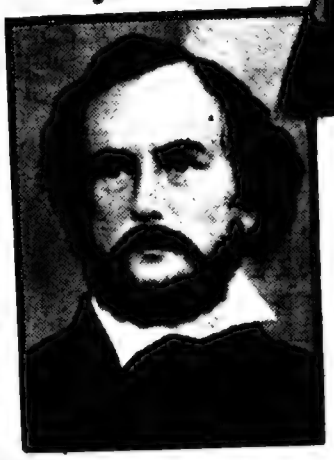
Samuel Colt was a sailor and it is said that he got his idea for the revolver from an ancient gun with revolving barrels which he saw in the Tower of London during one of his visits to the Thames.

His idea paved the way for the Colt Patent Firearms Company; it brought the "wild and woolly West" into being—the "roaring 'forty nines," as the early days of the Klondyke gold rush were called—and later the gunman criminal of the twentieth century.

Colt's first model was a muzzle loader. The chambers held powder fired by a cap placed on the nipple of each chamber. Bullets were pushed down the muzzle after each shot.

These first Colts were called, typically enough, "Texas Rangers," but they did not sell very readily. There was so little interest in the new weapon that by 1842 Colt's little factory had closed down and the revolver nearly went out of existence. These early models, marked "Paterson" on the barrel, are now collectors' pieces, and fetch large sums of money in the salerooms.

The revolver—and Colts—really began about 1849, when the U.S. Government ordered 2,000 for frontiersmen's use against Redskins. Their virtues spread rapidly and in a year or two all the backwoodsmen and gold prospectors counted a "six shooter" as an indispensable part of their equipment.



Samuel Colt gave us the first revolver, which bears his name, a hundred years ago. Why not let the revolver's bloodstained history end with this centenary?

Cigarettes instead!

Colt's factories worked night and day for years to keep pace with the demand. In those lawless, pioneer days, nine out of ten American citizens went about "heeled."

The revolver, more or less as we know it to-day, appeared in London about 1870. It was marked "Col Colt, Pimlico" on the barrel and fired a bullet equivalent to the present Army calibre. It was called the "Dragoon," and its sales were pushed very much in view of Britain's many native wars. A noted gunsmith of the time said, "If an ordinary pistol bullet is fired into a charging native he will merely cough, spit it up and keep coming on. But this revolver bullet will *stop* him." The "stopping" qualities of the heavy revolver have always been its greatest point in war, in pioneering, or in crime.

As a hand weapon the revolver is now outmoded for serious use in war. The Great War killed it by showing up its cumbrousness and general lack of accuracy except in exceptionally skilled hands or at very close quarters. During most of the war, if a census were taken of officers' revolver holsters in any part of the Line, it would be found that two-thirds of them would be filled with cigarette packets, instead of revolvers.

In certain units where other ranks carried revolvers, like the poison-gas companies of the Royal Engineers, it was necessary to issue special orders to prevent the men leaving their revolvers behind in rest billets when they went into the Line. The men pleaded that the revolver's useless weight impeded their work, that its lanyards caught in wire when crawling about at night, that it was little better than a bludgeon.

The envied automatic pistol which German and French officers carried has now superseded the revolver for Army use. None has been made in this country since the war, except a few Webley revolvers for the British Army. Soon the revolver will be merely a weapon for the crook. By April this year there will be fewer still of these weapons in private hands. Licences are now being issued very sparingly, and two appeals by Lord Trenchard for the surrender of unlicensed revolvers have brought in nearly 30,000 in eighteen months. After April there will be very heavy penalties on any private persons who retain unlicensed revolvers.

It is all part of the plan to outlaw this weapon which the world could well have done without. Its centenary will be celebrated by none except the Al Capones.

Even France, the place where most of our criminals have bought their revolvers (on a day or week-end return trip, "no passports required"), has now closed its doors to this weapon. A month ago the French Senate introduced the same legislation as in England prohibiting the sale of revolvers and ammunition except on license.

The revolver would have died out in England even before the war if it had not been for a great sportsman and shot, the late great and wealthy Walter Wynans, famous for his trotting horses, champagne parties and trick shooting.

Not so easy

It was he who instituted the 2s. pools on the revolver ranges at Bisley meetings before the war. Wynans used to start the pools with £50. For 2s. a marksman who fancied himself could buy a target card and blaze away.

There was "unlimited entry"—he could buy as many cards as he liked, each 2s. going into the pool, which sometimes rose in value to over £100. The best card won the lot.

As often as not the winner was Wynans himself, who used to spend all the long summer days of the Bisley meeting on the ranges.

He even had a chalet erected and lived there with his servants.

The pools attracted hundreds of City men and others who thought that they would like to try their hands at revolver shooting, and they used to come down on the late afternoon trains and at the week-ends. The pools also attracted many retired naval petty officers and Army N.C.O.s who were good marksmen and who wanted to get on to "easy money."

It was seldom "easy money," however, when grey-bearded old Wynans was shooting in the pools. His generosity and his passion for this weapon kept its popularity going until the bigger guns spoke on August 4, 1914.

But this centenary year of the revolver may well be its good-bye year. And good riddance to it and all its bloodstained history—the weapon whose only purpose was to be a killer of man—the weapon we shall be *glad* to do without.

Out of the Shadows . . .

IF you were to ask the matron of a hospital when she has seen joy shining at its brightest in the human face she would answer: "When I have had the privilege of telling a woman visitor that her husband or child is better now, and will be back home with her in a day or two."

What plans for the future a wife or mother evolves when she hears the good news. What a labour of love it is to give an extra touch of comfort to the house.

The joy of buying the little luxuries an invalid enjoys, the flowers that give colour to the room, anything that will help to provide a suitable homecoming to a loved one who has emerged from the dark shadows.

Such thoughts went through the mind of an Essex woman recently when they told her that her husband, who had been away from work for six weeks with diphtheria, would be home within a few days. And then a cloud passed over the sunshine of her thoughts. Where would she get the money?

The rent was already worrying her. On top of that, her little son was in another hospital. Her husband's convalescence couldn't be paid for out of an empty purse. What was she to do?

Then something arrived that was to set her mind at rest—a cheque from JOHN BULL. She wrote to us delightedly in acknowledgment.

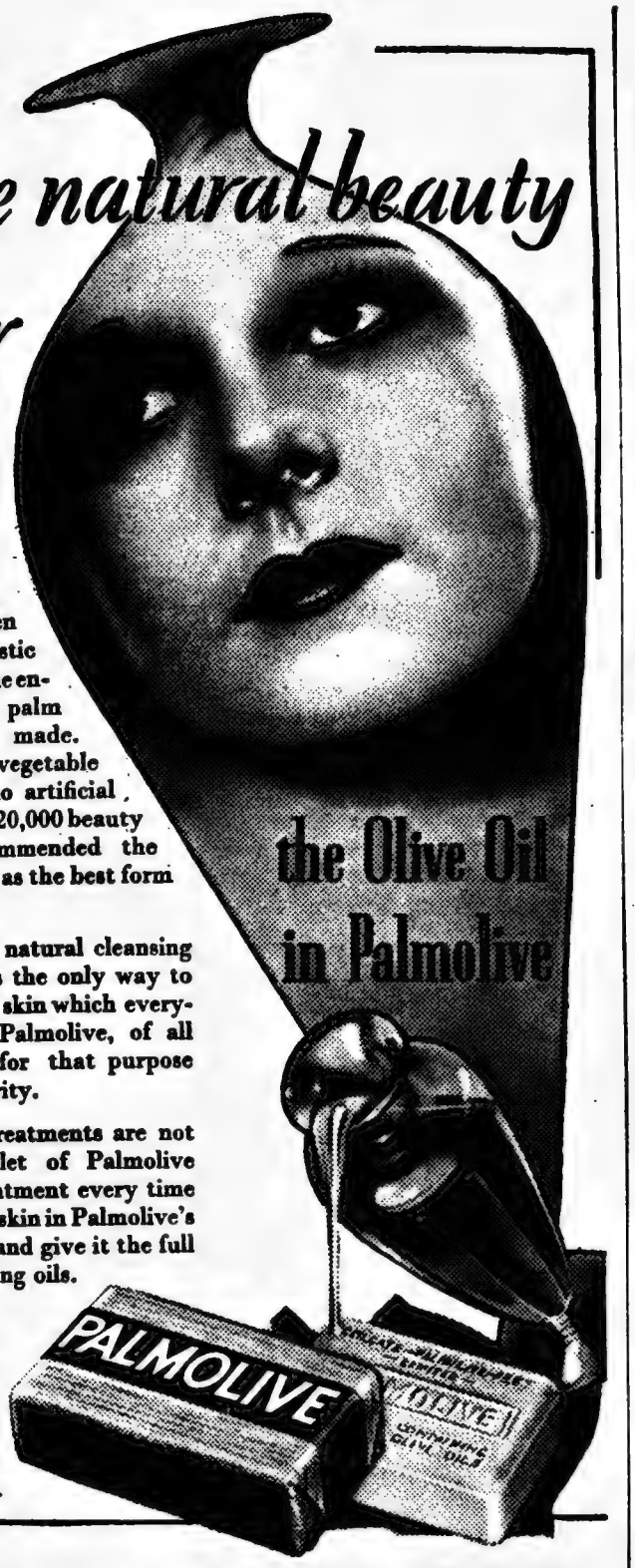
"How pleased I was to receive it I need hardly say," she said. "The money will enable me to give my husband the nourishment he will need to build him up.

"The rent, which is the chief worry, will be paid up to the time when he goes back to work. As you well know, at a time like this mother has the worry of it all, but has to keep her spirits up for the sake of everybody else. Thanks to your generosity, all our troubles will be smoothed away."

She omitted to add that it was thanks to her own foresight, too. It was because she had filled in a form such as you can sign now, on page 46, that she received the diphtheria benefit under JOHN BULL'S unique free insurance scheme that made all the difference to her outlook and her family's as well at a time of crisis.

You may want that help one day. Why not turn to the coupon now?

For the natural beauty of her skin



THE soft olive-green colour, so characteristic of Palmolive Soap, is due entirely to the olive and palm oils from which it is made. Palmolive is a pure vegetable oil soap, containing no artificial colouring. That is why 20,000 beauty specialists have recommended the daily use of Palmolive as the best form of *natural cleansing*.

They all agree that natural cleansing with soap and water is the only way to preserve that youthful skin which everyone admires, and Palmolive, of all soaps, is best suited for that purpose on account of its purity.

Expensive beauty treatments are not necessary, for a tablet of Palmolive provides a beauty treatment every time you wash. Bathe your skin in Palmolive's rich, abundant lather and give it the full benefit of its beautifying oils.

3D PER TABLET

Price does not apply in I.F.S.

"Younger men were after my job"

"Then my wife gave me this wonderful tip"

"I knew my job backwards," writes Mr. F. R., Chelsea, London, "But, somehow, not being as young as I used to be, work tired me out more than before. I kept forgetting things. By the end of a day's work I felt *finished* . . .

"Younger men than me were coming on in the firm. They hadn't got my experience, but they had 'go' and vitality. The directors wanted new blood. If my job went, I was finished.

"Every night my wife could see I just wanted to be alone. She was worried sick. Finally, I had to tell her the truth . . .

Second wind — working better than ever now

"Why didn't you tell me sooner?" she said. "My uncle was just like you until a friend recommended Hall's Wine to him."

"The next day my wife bought me a bottle of Hall's Wine. It tasted simply splendid, and seemed to put new life into me right away. Taking two or three wineglassfuls every day, I've got back all my grip on things, and feel ready for anything now."

Discovered by Doctor from Royal College of Surgeons

Prepared from the formula of a well-known doctor, a member of the Royal College of Surgeons, Hall's Wine has a quick and lasting effect no other tonic can give you. *It starts to pour quick new strength into your nerve cells within* 30 *seconds after you take a wineglassful.* Hundreds of letters from nurses who were tired or run-down (letters open for inspection) prove its wonderful results even more. Start today! From all Wine Merchants, Licensed Grocers and Chemists. Price everywhere, 5 6. Stephen Smith & Co. Ltd., Bow, London, E.3.

Quick, new strength after illness
After Influenza, Nerve Troubles, Bronchitis, Wasting Illness, Operations or Confinements — doctors and nurses recommend Hall's Wine for quick, safe convalescence.

How much more grip this man has!

SATURDAY AFTERNOON
YOU'RE HOME FROM WORK NICE AND EARLY DEAR
YES I GET THROUGH MY WORK QUICKLY THESE DAYS I LEFT RIGHT ON TIME — THOUGHT I'D MAKE THAT MEAT SAFE
YOUR MEAT SAFE'S FINISHED AIN'T-HOW ABOUT GOING TO THAT DANCE TONIGHT?
OH I'D LOVE TO DEAR— JUST LIKE OLD TIMES!
I'M FEELING SO YOUNG AND WELL THESE DAYS AS IF I DON'T GET THAT MIDDLE AGED TIRED NESS
YES WE'RE LOOKING YEARS YOUNGER YOU SINCE YOU STARTED TAKING HALL'S WINE
HALL'S WINE

HALL'S WINE

STRENGTHENS YOU IF TIRED OR RUN DOWN

STOP INDIGESTION WHERE IT STARTS

It's a fine thing to get up from a hearty meal knowing that the food you have enjoyed will be easily digested, without pain or discomfort. You may envy the lucky people who can do so, yet it's the easiest thing in the world to avoid indigestion or, once you get it, to stop the pain and put your stomach right. Just a little 'Bisurated' Magnesia in water, after eating, instantly neutralises the excess acid which causes the trouble; fermentation stops, and the pain is gone!

Recent medical research and X-ray experiments prove the special ingredients of 'BISURATED' MAGNESIA to be the quickest and most effective known to medical science. 'Bisurated' Magnesia costs but 1/3; it is the remedy recommended by doctors, used in hospitals, and by thousands of one-time sufferers because it goes to the root cause and stops stomach trouble where it starts. Your own cure will begin with your first dose. Why not take that dose to-day?

FREE SAMPLE OFFERS OF FAMOUS HAIR BEAUTY PREPARATIONS
Get free of charge any 3 of the world-famous Harlene products offered on the Back Cover. Also, a Free 5 day test of a New Soapless and Brushless Shaving Preparation is offered in return for the Coupon.

HOLIDAYS BY LMS
NOW ON SALE
6D
THE GUIDE TO BRITAIN'S BEST RESORTS
Contains a comprehensive list of Hotels, Boarding Houses and Apartments. Ask for it at any L M S Station, Bookstall, Town Office or Agency.

Irish Baby's Night Alarm

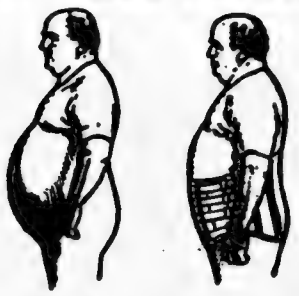
"Got a cold, Mummy; get the 'Vick.'" That is just what bright little Nuala said when she awakened, crying and coughing in the night, according to her mother, Mrs. Melber, "Conisbro'," Seatown Gardens, Dundalk. And Mrs. Melber promptly complied, with a good application of Vick brand Vapour-Rub on her daughter's throat and chest. She was not surprised to find the cold practically gone in the morning.

The double direct action of Vick brand Vapour-Rub—inhalation of medicated vapours to the inflamed air-passages, and stimulation through the skin like a poultice—will check most colds overnight. At all chemists, trial jar, 1/3; double quantity, 2/-.

VICK VAPOUR-RUB

THE SPENCER BELT FOR MEN

A Perfect Support for RUPTURE, OBESITY, STRAINED BACK, HERNIA.



Note improved appearance of stout man after putting on a Spencer Belt.

The Spencer Belt is individually designed to meet the needs of the man who is to wear it.

Note from the illustration how broad the back is, giving the maximum of comfort and support. A common defect in belts for men is that the back is so narrow that it causes a strain on the back muscles, increasing discomfort instead of giving relief.

Men who do heavy work, and who suffer from backache or pains resulting from sacro-iliac strain, need the Spencer Sacro-iliac Belt.

Spencer Belts are very serviceable, for they are made of superior materials, and are guaranteed never to lose their shape.

Write Spencer Corsets Ltd., 44, Britannia Road, Banbury, Oxon, for Booklet, and for name of nearest local Corsetiere.

SPENCER

Individually designed Foundation Garments and Surgical Supports.

Branch Offices and Salons:

LONDON: 96, Regent St., W.1. Tel Regent 6206
GLASGOW: 86, St. Vincent St., C.2. Central 3232
BIRMINGHAM: 67, Newhall St., 3. Central 7125
LIVERPOOL: 19, Church St., 1. Royal 4021
BRISTOL: 22, Clare St., 1. Bristol 24801

A RING ROUND the Jewel Thief

One of the greatest obstacles in the path of the jewel thief is the absolute honesty among dealers in gems. They will hand over precious stones to be examined in the street—with absolute confidence

IN jewels there is much of glamour as well as glitter. Fortunes have been lost and dynasties have fallen because of them.

Romance has been always associated with precious stones, from the priceless examples which have caused men to shed the blood of others to the humblest little jewel sparkling in a cheap engagement ring.

The jewellery trade is unique in so far as there is no other industry in which fabulous sums of money depend so much upon one man's honesty to another. Jewellers and dealers in precious stones, rivals in trade though they may be, put aside jealousies for loyalty when it comes to carrying out the secrets of their organisation, some aspects of which the public will never know.

If this faith and loyalty had not existed it is doubtful whether the industry could have survived.

BUT there is an organisation which makes it impossible for thieves to dispose of jewels without mutilating them beyond recognition. This is another aspect of romance surrounding jewels of which few people know. This is the secret service which jewellers and dealers in precious stones have organised among themselves for the protection of their treasures.

Organisation in the precious stone industry starts right at the beginning.

Diamonds, for example, would not have remained precious if it had not been for the firm steps taken by the South African Government and De Beers, the largest diamond producers, who control 90 per cent. of the entire world output.

Some two or three years ago most of the mines were temporarily closed down and a quota was put on diamonds so that only enough were placed on the market to meet the demand for them.

Once a month a ship arrives bearing stones. Sometimes these are carried by one of the company's own travellers, in which case it is only the captain of the ship who is allowed to know of the precious parcel. More often than not, however, consignments are sent by ordinary registered post, with special seals and a mark as their only safeguard. The famous "Jonker" stone, found in January, 1934, by a poor South African farmer, was sent to England in this manner. Imagine the fourth largest diamond in the world, for which £63,000 was paid to the farmer and £100,000 refused later, being delivered by the postman like any other parcel!

In the whole history of Hatton Garden (the London jewel merchants' quarter) there has been only one mishap with a parcel of this kind. That was when a clever rogue devised a scheme of having duplicate parcels sent to his accommodation office for months, until at last he was able to substitute one of his parcels of sugar for the pearls which he knew were expected. But even this could not have been done had he not bribed a postal official.

After these monthly consignments have arrived the Diamond Corporation announces that it will be "showing" diamonds, and dealers who wish to buy notify it that they want a "sight."

Purchases are made, and the stones carefully weighed and measured, after which they are sent to be cut, usually in Amsterdam, or perhaps London.

Following the cutting of the stones, and their return, they are shown to merchants and dealers. Fresh particulars are taken of weights and measurements and a careful description of the cutting noted—how many facets, what shape, etc., etc.

WHEN a valuable stone is sold to a retailer there is no secrecy among the dealers. In consequence, the whereabouts of really valuable stones are known until they become the property of some private individual, and, even then, as much information as possible is gathered about them, since there might be desire on the part of the private owner to re-sell.

There is an unwritten law, very strictly adhered to by Hatton Garden—no purchases are made from strangers.

Among themselves, things are quite different. Walk down Hatton Garden or Charterhouse Street any morning between about eleven o'clock and 1 p.m. and you will see groups of men standing about, showing one another the contents of tiny white packets—packets of precious jewels.

One dealer suggests to another that he could make a sale for this or that stone; he has a prospective customer whose want at that moment is a stone about the weight and shape of the one being examined. The other man hands over the stone without even the exchange of a slip of paper.

Absolute trust among themselves is that is the working basis of their business, but every outsider who steps within their precincts is regarded with suspicion.

These methods prevent jewel thieves from ever selling their ill-gotten gains in this country for what they are really worth. Expert thieves cut stolen stones in several pieces and sell them abroad; amateurs sell them to people who do not know their value.

Not long ago a daring raid was made in Duke Street, London, when a £7,000 diamond was stolen by a man who threw a brick in a window, while his confederate seized the jewel. Both miscreants got away in a car. But that particular stone was known everywhere and could never be "passed" unless cut up.

SCIENTISTS have just given a new weapon of defence to the merchants in their discovery that there are two types of diamonds. One type absorbs three groups of infra red rays, the other two.

Now, if a stone is cut up, say, into three parts, all three stones will be of the same type. This, as may be imagined, has proved of value in connection with several cases of theft.

The International Jewellery Association holds meetings and congresses from time to time, when new methods of dealing with thieves and the protection of jewels generally are discussed.

This association has what might be described as its own C.I.D. At its headquarters are photographs of all the well-known jewel thieves. There are photographs, prints and full descriptions of every famous jewel, and of many others not nearly so well known.

Which brings us to the question of how precious stones are safeguarded when they have become the property of private individuals. Insurance covers the loss in most cases. Sometimes enormous sums are involved and the insurance companies obviously welcome any methods which can be used to track missing jewellery.

MR. ANTROBUS, of London, possesses plaster casts of more than 60,000 pieces of jewellery. A few years ago he invented a method which ensures the recognition of any trinket or the making of a copy with perfect accuracy.

The piece of jewellery or stone is pressed from various angles into soft red wax and then a plaster cast is taken, and, when dry, the latter is coloured where the stones are—red for rubies, purple for amethysts, and so on.

Scotland Yard often utilises Mr. Antrobus's casts in tracing lost treasures; for there is no disputing the shape, size and cutting of even the humblest stone from one of these casts.

Truly a romance, this business of buying and selling jewellery, and though with it there has been a deal of tragedy, that factor, by the cleverer methods adopted by the trade, is being speedily eliminated.

Race with "Silver Ring"

Commander III (1)

BY the time my next notes appear the Flat-race campaign of 1935 will be in full swing.

Once again I suggest that JOHN BULL readers treat the Sport of Kings in the right spirit and not as a golden road to fortune.

If tackled in the right way—a flutter or two here and there, well within the limits of one's purse—racing adds a spice to the daily routine.

Chasing losses and trying to spot the winner of every race is a mug's game.

As usual, I shall code a daily double The first-mentioned will be the "nap," so backers can, if they like, confine their wagers to a single selection.

I am sticking to my guns in regard to the Lincolnshire Handicap:

Commander III (H. Beasley) .. 1
Spirituelle II (M. Beary) .. 2
Adriatic (W. Nevett) 3

So far as I can glean, Commander III, North Devon and Bendex have done the best work at Newmarket.

Spirituelle II has seldom been out with the first lot of Mr. Lambton's horses, but this excellent trainer has a way of getting his horses superbly fit.

I recollect that Dorigen, who won the race for him in 1933, was cherry ripe, but did not appear to have had an orthodox preparation. Whatever wins—and I hope it will be the "Commander"—I very much fear Spirituelle II.

Sandown Park's Imperial Cup is set for decision this week-end. Le Maestro gets my confident vote.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, March 21, to Wednesday, March 27.

W N 96 G E D V H J I 95 S O Y 97 L
R 98 T F 94 M P Q C 93 B A K X U Z

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below as the case may be. Example: 8P9498F94W would read AVENGER. Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. D94Z29597W9804 would read MELLBURNE.

SPRATT'S HEALTH & BEAUTY SERIES No. 2

"And the great thing is that my sort of 'developers' are grand to eat and keep me a whole lot fitter." Here is the secret. Spratt's Ovals keep a dog in tip-top condition inside and out even if he can't get as much exercise as you'd like to give him. And does he spring to it when the meal's ready—you watch him and see. Spratt's Ovals are marked with an X—the guarantee of goodness. Buy in sealed packets and cartons from 5d. upwards, also in bags from 11d. upwards.

SPRATT'S OVALS

M.C.2.

EVERYBODY'S DOG. The greatest dog book ever compiled on dog owning, rearing and management. Containing 80,000 words, 126 pages in rich gravure and 250 illustrations. 1/- from newsagents or at the same price free of postage (for one month) from Spratt's Patent Ltd., 58, Mark Lane, E.C.3.

"THERE Y'ARE DAISY! CLEANED WHILE YOU WAIT!"

"I *like* cleaning the oven!" says Gert. SCO simply lifts the dirt *right off* grids, shelves, and everything, and no smell about it. Big-value tin, 1/-. Hand grocer or ironmonger coupon for free sample; if any difficulty send his name and address with yours to "SCO," 31 Smedley St., London, S.W.8.

Photograph specially posed by the well-known Radio Stars, Elsie and Doris Waters.

SCO

SPEEDILY CLEANS OVENS

Hand to Retailer for Sample of SCO
(or post to us if any difficulty)

Name.....
Address.....
Retailer's Name.....
Address.....

"Here's the way to win a man's admiration"

says *Adrienne Ames*

YOU DON'T NEED TO HAVE REGULAR FEATURES TO LOOK ATTRACTIVE IN THESE DAYS. IT'S LOVELY SKIN THAT WINS A MAN'S ADMIRATION EVERY TIME

IT'S SO EASY TO CARE FOR YOUR SKIN. LUX TOILET SOAP WILL KEEP IT SOFT AND SMOOTH IN SPITE OF HARD WATER AND A DIFFICULT CLIMATE
LUX

"MEN are invariably fascinated by lovely skin," says Adrienne Ames, "and Lux Toilet Soap is the easiest way to keep your skin smooth and clear." Here are the reasons why:

THE DIFFERENCE SIX WEEKS CAN MAKE

Your surface skin is always changing. Imperceptibly tiny cells flake off and reveal new skin formed beneath. In six weeks' time your present surface skin will have disappeared. How lovely your new skin will then be depends on the care you give it *now*. Lux Toilet Soap's special quick-lathering action cleanses all dirt and stale cosmetics from pores, keeps skin-glands free to supply the oils your growing skin needs — so that when it comes to the surface it will be soft and smooth.

Take Adrienne Ames' advice — try Lux Toilet Soap. 846 of the 857 leading stars use it. Keep that new skin of yours smooth and lovely as it comes to the surface, and see how enchanting you can be. Lux Toilet Soap is obtainable everywhere. 3d. a tablet.

I USE LUX TOILET SOAP REGULARLY AND I ADVISE YOU TO DO THE SAME – YOU'LL BE AMAZED HOW SOFT, SMOOTH AND EXQUISITELY CLEAR IT KEEPS YOUR SKIN
LUX
TOILET SOAP

3D. A TABLET

A *LEVER* PRODUCT

TL 668-39I

This price applies to Great Britain and Northern Ireland only.

"Use nothing but the Best" says

KAY FRANCIS

Kay Francis, the Lovely Star of Warner Bros.' Pictures, never allows herself to be tempted to buy cheap and inferior preparations, and that is one of the secrets of her lovely complexion. Her skin is kept soft and lovely, every little roughness is healed and only a delicate refined matt powder finish remains.

Famous Stars everywhere are enthusiastic about Potter & Moore's Powder-Cream, because they know it is the best and purest preparation it is possible to buy.

Every Jar is fitted with a dainty mirror. In popular shades everywhere. 1/-

Potter & Moore's BLUSH CREAM Will impart a perfectly natural bloom to the complexion. It is absolutely pure and semi-permanent. Sold everywhere in glass containers, 6d.

Potter & Moore's
MITCHAM LAVENDER
POWDER-CREAM

Child's Nasty Cough

cured by first bottle of 'Pineate' Honey Syrup.

Here is a letter all parents will be interested to read :—

"Our boy has suffered for some time with a nasty cough, and though we have tried many other medicines, 'Pineate' Honey Syrup is *the only one that has shown good results*—obtained from the first bottle."—(signed) A.C.C., Westcliff-on-Sea.

'Pineate' brand Honey Syrup, the children's cough remedy, is pleasant to take; a tiny dose at night acts like a charm, bringing immediate relief and inducing peaceful, refreshing sleep. It can be given with absolute safety to even the youngest child.

If there's a cough in the house, get a 1/6 bottle of this unfailing remedy at once; it is the ideal treatment for children's coughs, and is also supremely effective for adults.

Radiant Health in Middle Age

deKUYPER'S
HEART LABEL
HOLLANDS

"GUILTY"—*but* INNOCENT

THE Law Courts are too busy. There is more work than the present number of judges can cope with. Scandalous delays occur.

Our aim in this article is not to re-echo this general protest, although it is constantly being forced upon our consideration by JOHN BULL readers. Our immediate purpose is to show that there is one Court in which there would be far less to do if more care were exercised in the day-to-day administration of the criminal law.

The Court of Criminal Appeal, normally consisting of three High Court judges, presided over by the Lord Chief Justice, exists to correct mistakes made, and revise sentences passed, at Assizes and Quarter Sessions.

In an ideal state of society such an appeal court would be idle. That it should be overworked, as it often is at present, suggests that there are grave weaknesses in the machinery of the law.

This question has lately been closely investigated by JOHN BULL.

At one recent session of the Criminal Appeal Court two convictions, both for grave offences, were quashed outright, sentences of seven and five years' penal servitude being in consequence remitted.

On the same day the Court reduced a sentence of seven years' penal servitude for forgery and fraud to one of eighteen months' hard labour, and directed that a man who had served two months of a three years' sentence for bigamy should be set free at once.

IT is shocking to think that only since 1908 has there been a Court of Criminal Appeal to remedy the blunders of the lower courts. Before that date hundreds of innocent men and women must have been cruelly punished, enduring the horrors of penal servitude and even the agony of death upon the scaffold.

For as well as William Herbert Wallace, the Liverpool insurance agent, who told his own tragic story in these pages, two other men convicted of murder and sentenced to be hanged have been set at liberty by the Criminal Appeal Court, one as recently as last year.

As regards lesser crimes, we could pile up shocking examples of cruel and mistaken convictions.

One man was sentenced at the Croydon Sessions to three years' penal servitude for breaking into an outfitter's shop. Stoutly maintaining his innocence, he entered an appeal.

When the evidence against him came to be analysed by three expert judges, it amounted to no more than that he had been seen in the company of two other men convicted in respect of the same offence, and had worn a pair of socks resembling some that had been stolen, although socks of exactly the same pattern were on sale by the thousand, and could be bought at a dozen shops in the neighbourhood of Croydon.

Obviously such a conviction could not stand. The appeal judges quashed it, at once setting the prisoner free.

Why the Court of Criminal Appeal is overworked— Hundreds of people have left its doors free, after sentences that should never have been passed

At the West Kent Sessions a man of excellent character was sent to three months' hard labour for the crime of stealing apples. All he had done was to pick up a few "windfalls" which he had found upon the ground.

The jury, apparently, were left with the impression that he had wantonly and maliciously stripped his neighbour's apple trees.

In delivering the judgment of the Criminal Appeal Court, Mr. Justice Avory severely criticised the conduct of the case by the Chairman of the Sessions, who "had made an unfortunate slip when he told the jury that it did not matter whether the apples were picked from the trees or from the ground."

The conviction, therefore, was quashed. If there had been no appeal against this unjust condemnation and punishment, a man with a blameless record might have borne the prison taint for life.

In another case, coming up from Quarter Sessions, a man had been convicted and sentenced to eighteen months' hard labour for the alleged theft of a pair of field-glasses.

THE jury's verdict was a curious one: "Guilty, but this case ought to have been brought in the County Court."

In the Criminal Appeal Court the Lord Chief Justice described this verdict as "hopeless," adding that "the jury were not fully or clearly directed on the law."

In Lord Hewart's view, with which his colleagues agreed, the glasses had been sent to the man on approval, his only mistake being that he had been a little slow in making up his mind whether they should be retained or returned.

So at a stroke of the pen the eighteen months' hard labour sentence vanished. The appeal judges thus rounded off the day's work by reducing from five years' penal servitude to twenty months' hard labour the sentence on a man convicted of stealing a motor-cycle.

At the Staffordshire Quarter Sessions a man pleaded guilty to obtaining by false pretences several small sums of money, in all just over £5.

The savage sentence of the Bench was five years' penal servitude. There were several previous convictions against the prisoner, and the idea of the magistrates seemed to be that, because he had made another slip, he should be punished for the earlier offences all over again.

In the Criminal Appeal Court the Lord Chief Justice emphatically dissented from this monstrous view.

"We have said again and again and we now repeat," was his lordship's strong protest, "that in sentencing a prisoner regard must be had to the intrinsic nature of the offence. It is a wrong to send a man to a long term of penal servitude for a petty crime because at some other time he has been heavily punished for a far graver offence."

The sentence was reduced from five years to nine months.

Yet, in spite of this strong protest and example, this sort of thing is still happening all over the country. Seldom does the Criminal Appeal Court sit without having to reduce long sentences of penal servitude to short terms of ordinary imprisonment.

At the Anglesey Quarter Sessions a railway servant was convicted of theft and sentenced to six months' hard labour. The defence made much of his fifteen years' honest service with the railway company, and his hitherto exemplary character.

YET the Chairman actually told the jury that, in considering their verdict, they must pay no regard to the man's previous good character or to his life-long reputation as an honest and upright citizen.

The Criminal Appeal Court strongly and outspokenly differed, the Lord Chief Justice observing that it was "not only the right but the duty of the jury to take a prisoner's character into their consideration, and give it the fullest weight."

The man's conviction and sentence were set aside.

Good work, but it ought not to be necessary. The Criminal Appeal Court is much too busy.

Its overworked condition is a challenge to the Lord Chancellor, who should searchingly investigate the causes for the judicial blunders which JOHN BULL is ever alert to expose.

With the law in its present unsafe condition, we all stand in the danger zone.

Twenty-five momentous years in the life of the British people told, as no words can tell, in nearly 700 glowing pictures — that's "The Silver Jubilee Book"—JOHN BULL's great Presentation to its readers. Turn to pages 4 and 5 at once.

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"I feel utterly worn out," is the remark one frequently hears from women who are struggling through middle age in a wretched state of health. For this age invariably brings distressing health trials. The commonest symptom is a vague fear or dread, followed by nervous depression, then come violent headaches, back pains feverish flushes, and head noises.

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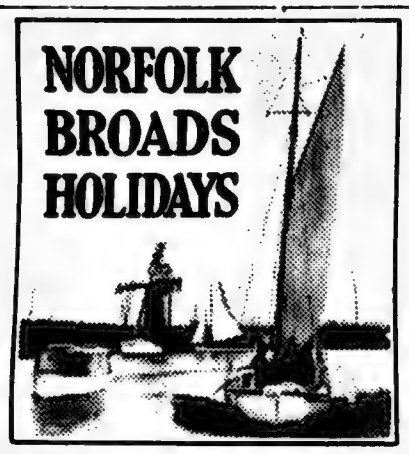

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WHY MARRIED WOMEN LOSE THEIR LOOKS.

Even if you have all the cares of a household on your shoulders, you needn't lose your looks. Work and worry only affect you because you take nothing to counteract them.

If you find yourself giving way to worry, find your looks going, your nerves getting "jumpy," take a glass of Wincarnis at 11.30, another in the afternoon, and one before you go to bed. The very first night you will sleep better than you have for years and wake up refreshed and reinvigorated. Your nerves will trouble you no more. In a few days your looks will begin to come back.

For Wincarnis, which has the vitamins and strength-giving elements of beef and malt extracts added to the valuable properties of the purest wine, actually creates rich, new blood. It soothes jaded nerves and builds up fresh strength. Over 20,000 recommendations have been received from medical men for anæmia, weakness, debility, and a host of other troubles. Try it to-day.

Tickling Throats

Quickly and pleasantly relieved with VICK LOZENGES 6d

DELIGHTFUL TO THE TASTE

THE PONY keeps his TAIL UP

One of the pony's happiest moments—"going" with an enthusiastic kiddie on his back

"DADDY, when will my pony grow up to be a horse?" asked the farmer's little girl, when her father gave her a Shetland for her birthday. And she seemed surprised when her father said, "Never—once a pony, always a pony."

Yet a knowledge of the pony, renowned for its agility, friendliness and docility, is not so common even among adults—despite the fact that this week occurs the 36th Annual Show of the National Pony Society; that there are Pony Clubs with some thousands of members, and pony-racing is on the increase.

Not only is the pony's popularity not waning—it is growing. Apart from the impetus pony-breeding has received from the recent big development in pony-racing, ponies are in greater demand as mounts and for other purposes. Entries at shows this year are above those of recent years.

The pony is a real British native. These shaggy little fellows were running wild in British forests and on British moors when the Romans first came to this land; and still, on Dartmoor, in the Fells, and in the New Forest, among other places, we have our wild ponies, as untamed as are the savage horses of the Argentine pampas.

Every year they are rounded up and foals are captured and broken in. And there is always a market for ponies, for their uses are manifold.

In the main, we have two types of ponies—the "rough" and the thoroughbred. For racing and polo the maximum height is 15 hands, a "hand" being four inches, but the little Shetlands and Welsh Mountain ponies run to anything from 10 to 12 hands.

The sort of person who thinks that "pony" is a term of contempt—"It's only a pony," they will say about some gallant little beast between the shafts or ridden by a happy child—would be surprised to hear that ponies have their own stud books. Take the Dale ponies, whose name reveals their origin. The National Pony Stud Book showed 183 Dale stallions and 1,159 Dale mares registered at Hexham, Northumberland, which is their headquarters.

Take their neighbours, the Fell ponies, from the Lake District. They are noted for their strength. One of their uses is to accompany sportsmen on the moors when they go out for grouse.

They will carry home the "bag," and—when the sportsman is on the fat side—they will also carry home the sportsman. The Maharajah of Kashmir, when on a visit here, was so impressed with the ruggedness of these little animals that he took some back to India with him.

Welcome news

There is the Highland pony, whose registrations number close upon 1,000. And the ever-popular Dartmoor is exhibited at all leading agricultural shows in the West of England. Another West Country breed is the Exmoor pony, which many prize higher than the Dartmoor. Minehead, Somerset, is its registration headquarters.

Then the famous Shetland Pony, which has a society of its own—the Shetland Pony Society has a membership of 300 breeders. Shetland championships are held alternately in London and Scotland.

And, as for the Welsh pony—its stud book has been appearing for 100 years. These ponies are sent in large numbers to Australia and New Zealand, where farmers find them welcome and willing aids on the land.

Incidentally, the highest price ever paid for a Welsh pony stallion was 1,000 guineas. Who said, "Only a pony"?

Coming down to earth—or, rather, far below it—latest figures show that in 1,080 mines in England, Wales and Scotland, 41,764 horses and ponies are employed. And ponies are in the majority.

These pit-ponies are animals which were running wild in the forests and moors of the south-west. There is something pathetic in the thought of these animals—once so free—doomed to the continual darkness of the underground, and one welcomes the news that mechanisation is gradually taking their place.

No pony, one would think, could really enjoy working in a mine; but what he does enjoy is trotting or cantering along the country lanes, or even in a city park, with an enthusiastic kiddy on his back.

Friendly and safe

As children's mounts, ponies are in increasing demand. They are docile, friendly and safe, and their smallness makes of them real pets for the children.

A pony is not a luxury reserved for the children of the rich—at least, in the country, where stabling accommodation is easily available. They are not expensive, unless one desires pedigree stock, and they cost but little more to feed than a large dog. Many a farmer's child has its pony, as have also the children of tradesmen in country towns.

There is the Institute of the Horse and Pony Club, Ltd., which organises spec lectures throughout the country for ch pony-owners. It has some 9,000 ch members, organised in various Po Clubs. Voluntary lecturers teach children how to take care of their pet "stable management," feeding a watering, and so on.

Also they are instructed in riding, a how to tell the "points" of a pony a its age.

These pony clubs organise "meets gymkhanas, in which the children p ticipate. There are prizes for equitat and for the successful care of pon The annual subscription to the Po Club is half-a-crown a year, and ea year the membership grows.

But life is not all a round of pleas for ponies, even above ground.

The trader who takes his daily load vegetables and fruit around the coun town often employs a pony, especia if it be an old town, with narrow win ing streets, for a pony then travels eas and is better on the corners. In fact, compared with the horse, it possesses t advantages the light car or motor-cy has among motor vehicles.

Also, on the countryside, you will s find the pony-cart, with its content occupant—perhaps an old lady, or an o fashioned country clergyman.

High stakes

But nowadays, when one says "pony one no longer means only those anima which are born ponies—like the She lands, the Welsh ponies and others. T word has acquired a wide significan It now applies also to a horse which w never grow higher than 15 hands. It not a young horse—it will never be horse, but will remain a pony. It from these that our racing ponies a provided.

Polo pony breeding is an import branch of British thoroughbred bree ing. The shaggy little "rough" po was the foundation stock of our hac some polo ponies. Other polo ponies a merely undersized thoroughbreds.

There was a time when a breeder racing bloodstock would exclaim wi disappointment if one of his hors showed no signs of growing to standar height. These small horses were calle "tits," "weeds," and various othe derogatory names, and were sold off children's hacks or hunters, and dispose of in various ways.

But now pony-racing has ended th and the breeder who finds he possesses pony may have an animal which will, time to come, run for a stake as high 1,000 sovereigns.

So, whether it be the shaggy little co moner, caught on the moors, or th undersized thoroughbred, it is always pony.

The pony is always with us, and wi us to stay, as faithful companion an willing servant. And it is good to s that, even in this day of mechanic transport, the pony is coming into h own.

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Side-Slips."

THE SUNDAY SUN:—"Yesterday the club BAG was flown at half-mast."

KIDDERMINSTER SHUTTLE:—"Fishing Club WRIST Drive."

CENTRAL SOMERSET GAZETTE:—"Lawn Mowers GROWN by Machinery."

BELFAST TELEGRAPH:—"... the practice of CANNING children."

THE OLDHAM EVENING CHRONICLE:—"A tribute was paid by —— in his TIRING presidential address."

LINCOLNSHIRE ECHO:—"He began work on the land scaring cows."

"Why, the poor little mite is constipated. No wonder she's fretful. That is the chief thing a mother has to guard against, Mrs. Grant.

Kiddies don't understand; they're so absorbed in their games, and often neglect nature's call. Then they get bilious, lose their appetite and become irritable.

Show me your tongue, Winnie. Yes, it is coated—a sure sign she's out of sorts. All she needs is 'California Syrup of Figs', and she'll be as happy as a sandboy in the morning.

You'll find it keeps the bowels regular, purifies the system and saves stomach upsets and biliousness.

If children are to thrive and grow strong and keen witted, they must feed well and digest what they eat. There's no better way than the regular weekly dose of 'California Syrup of Figs.' All children love it.

If I were you, I would send for a bottle now and give Winnie a dose at once. There is a 1/3 size, but you will find the 2/6 size a great saving.

Be sure you insist on 'California Syrup of Figs' brand Mrs. Grant. I am surprised that some mothers are ready to experiment with cheap and drastic preparations. It's such a pity they don't realise that 'California Syrup of Figs' is a perfectly safe children's laxative. I know myself how carefully and scientifically it is prepared."

"California Syrup of Figs"
BRAND
'NATURE'S OWN' LAXATIVE

Brighten your Home with Berkeley Loose Covers and The Berkeley SUPERLAX

The Easy Chair that adjusts itself

10/- with Order

Here's the easiest way to do it for the smallest outlay—replace your old, worn curtains and furnishings with colourful and durable *Berkeley* Loose Covers and Curtains. Then this handsome Berkeley Superlax Easy Chair will give your room the finishing touch of luxurious beauty. Designed to suit everyone—tall or short, it takes up any position from upright to lounging—AUTOMATICALLY, without getting out of the chair.

PERFECTLY SPRUNG SEAT & HAIR STUFFED.

BACK ALSO SPRUNG AND DEEPLY UPHOLSTERED.

BOTH BACK AND SEAT easily REMOVABLE FOR CLEANING.

Fitted with CONCEALED CASTORS.

Coverings: **REPPS, DAMASKS, TAPESTRIES, MOQUETTES, &c.**

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In 3 Quality Coverings

CASH PRICE 62/6

or 65/-:—10/- with order and balance 10/- monthly.

Settee to match £5:2:6

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71, Deansgate, MANCHESTER;
12, Poole Hill, BOURNEMOUTH.

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Extensive factories and huge output keep our PRICES FAR BELOW those usually charged. Let us advise you on ideas for your rooms and submit Estimates. *Send Coupon for Patterns of extensive range of materials including Cretonnes, Repps, Shadow Tissues, Art Silks, Velours, etc.*

COUPON Please send me your illustrated Catalogue of all Models, together with PATTERNS of—1, Upholstery Coverings. —, Loose Covers & Curtains. (Cross out Patterns NOT required)

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

(John Bull) .....

GROW THICK, STRONG WAVY HAIR LIKE THIS

Beware of Falling Hair, Spreading Baldness or Hair-killing Dandruff. You can grow thick, strong, wavy hair, or be free from Dandruff, like so many others.

Mr. M. J. MURPHY writes: "*Before using Kotalko my hair was very weak, and falling out in combfuls until the scalp was almost bare on top. I had used several tonics. Then I used Kotalko. Before I had finished the second box my hair seemed stronger. This improvement continued, and the hair is now thick and is a thick mass of waves, and is more healthy looking.*"

KOTALKO
TRUE HAIR GROWER

If you have dandruff, or are losing hair, or if you are nearly or quite bald, write

To JOHN HART BRITTAIN, LTD., 9, Percy Street, 33 B.K., London, W.1. Please send me, post paid, Testing package of KOTALKO and KOTALKO SOAP, with directions, for which I enclose threepence in stamps.

Name .....

Address .....

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How to get rid of BLACKHEADS

—and have a Clear White Skin

No woman now need have blackheads, enlarged pores and ugly skin blemishes. This new discovery will give you a fresh, clear complexion which will be the admiration and envy of all your friends.

Tokalon Vanishing Skinfood now contains pure olive oil and predigested dairy cream. These sink down into the pores and remove deeply embedded dirt which soap and water can never reach. Blackheads quickly disappear. The tonic and astringent ingredients contract ugly enlarged pores. The darkest roughest skin becomes soft, smooth and white. Successful results are guaranteed with Tokalon Vanishing Skinfood or money refunded.

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IN EVERY TRADE

always wear BOLENIUMS

The Aristocrat of Overalls!

Only the best is good enough for the men who wear Boleniums. They know that a few pence more spent on honest quality saves shillings in the long run. Extra strong dust and grease-proof material, strongest where the strain comes, all seams double sewn with 16 Boot Thread, unique Non-Slip buckle—are just a few of the many Bolenium advantages. Ask your outfitter, or write for name of nearest stockist.

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(Pronounced BO-LEINY-UM)

OVERALLS

Worn by the man who knows . . .!

BOLENIUM OVERALLS (Dept. 1), UPTON PARK, LONDON, E.13

Every Sufferer from

INDIGESTION

knows this to be true

Every sufferer from Indigestion wants three things, and wants them quickly.

★ **Firstly,** he wants immediate relief from his pain, feeling of fulness, palpitation or flatulence.

¶ **Secondly,** he knows that unless his inflamed or weakened stomach is protected from the hot, burning acid continually poured out, he will only have the pains come back again.

§ **Thirdly,** he wants help for his weak stomach to digest the food he must take.

All these requirements have been carefully provided for in De Witt's Antacid Powder.

★ On entering the stomach De Witt's Antacid Powder **firstly** neutralises the excess acid and renders it harmless to the inflamed stomach. The pain of flatulence is relieved and there is an immediate feeling of well-being.

¶ **Secondly,** the valuable Colloidal Kaolin ingredient coats the stomach walls, and whilst protecting the inflammation or ulcers from the burning acids, allows the ordinary work of digestion to go on.

§ **Thirdly,** another ingredient actually digests a portion of your food, taking a further load off the weak stomach.

Finally, by persistent use of De Witt's Antacid Powder, the system gets regulated and healthy so that the stomach can digest your food, and medicine is no longer required.

So every day that you put off getting a supply of De WITT'S Antacid Powder means another day of unnecessary suffering for you.

DE WITT'S
ANTACID POWDER

Sold by all Chemists, in Sky-blue Canister,
1/6

If you live in agony from piles, get MAN ZAN Brand Pile Remedy. Nothing so quickly ends the dreadful irritation, the weakening pain and banishes pile trouble for good. Get your supply of Man Zan in its easy, clean-to-use tube. Use it and be pile free and happy again. Man Zan costs but 3/- for the big supply.

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THIS IS FREE!
RHEUMATICS, TOO,
Can Have This Gift

Are you one of the tens of thousands of men and women crippled with the chronic pain of rheumatism or splitting backache? Are you a victim of dangerous Kidney Disease? Here is a great personal "get back to health" gift ready to be posted by a famous firm of chemists, free.

This is no one-minute "cure-all" you are offered. You are invited to accept a free supply of a famous remedy—DeWitts Brand Kidney and Bladder Pills—tried and trusted for over 40 years, and recommended by thousands of grateful men and women for all forms of kidney and bladder ailments.

When you have used your free supply of DeWitts Pills, and know how quickly they start you on the road to health, you should obtain a full-size supply, price 3/- and 5/-, from any chemist.

ALL YOU NEED DO

Fill in your name and address on coupon. Please write clearly or use block letters. Enclose a 1d. stamp, by sticking a corner of stamp only to back of coupon (to cover cost of postage). Put the coupon in an envelope, *tuck in* the flap (do not stick it down). Put a 1d. stamp on the envelope. Address to E. C. De Witt & Co. Ltd. (Dept. K. 24), Croydon, Surrey.

USE THIS COUPON TO-DAY

Name .....
(Mr., Mrs. or Miss)

Address .....

Town .....

County .....

A sample of the artistic modern signs. It is the work of Mr. Ralph Ellis

At the NEW SIGN *of the* Pig and Whistle

IN the city tavern and country inn, Mine Host is frowningly concentrating on local documents relating to the history of the house he owns or manages. For there is a new fashion in an old, old subject. The English tavern sign—which, during Victorian days and for some years after, was allowed to fall into neglect—is once again coming into its own.

Many a hostelry which for years has been known by no swinging sign is now to be graced with a new specimen of the painter's art.

Recently one brewery commissioned the painting of signs for scores of houses which, in various towns and villages, dispense its brew. And every one of these signs is to be painted by a well-known artist, after due investigation of historical records, so that accuracy as well as beauty shall be assured.

Even London

This is by no means the first time that a firm of brewers has adopted this course. And, it must be remembered, we are not referring to a uniform sign, advertising their produce, but to a distinct sign for each house, illustrating the ancient appellation by which such house is known.

Among those areas where this revival in tavern signs has been noted are Sussex and the Midlands. But our great cities have also been affected by the revival, and even in London—whose characteristic grime is supposed to be particularly inimical to signs—old taverns are blossoming sprucely with new signs.

Even the smaller country beer-house is showing a new interest. All this, of course, leads to a study of local history—for your device, heraldic or otherwise, should be correct.

But signs are not cheap; and not many small country ale-houses can afford those painted by "real artists," and therefore still will have recourse to the versatile sign-painter, some of whose performances are quainter in effect than their creator intended

We have said that a tavern sign is an expensive job. First, it is a fairly big job: a sign is often larger than you would at first guess, for it hangs at some height. And then—an essential requisite—it must last a long time. Subjected to severe weather exposure, the rubicund face of "King Harry," or the gold filigree and gems of the "Mitre," must still shine with unabated vividness and cheer.

A specialised job

This means the very best quality paint and the best of varnish—and plenty of it, especially if your sign faces west and east, the sign-artist will tell you.

Each year your sign will need an overhauling. Certainly cleaning and revarnishing and sometimes repainting.

So taverns which are now purposing the installation of new signs must first find their artist. This is becoming easier, for more artists are turning their attention to the painting of tavern signs as the revival increases the demand.

One famous painter of tavern signs, and a former president of the London Sketch Club, seated in his London studio amidst the tools of his craft, will tell you that it needs a particular type of talent for the painting of effective inn signs.

It by no means goes to say, he will tell you, that because a man paints fine landscapes on canvas he can make good inn signs. In fact, it may be just the contrary. He may be too accustomed to work of fine detail—which would be lost upon the high sign which swings in the wind.

Tavern sign painting is a job for the decorative artist we are told. And care must be taken that the lettering does not spoil the design. Our host's desire to have the name of his inn, or even his own name, in large golden Gothic lettering must often be curbed, or it would throw into shadow the three fine gilt emblems which the artist has designed for the "Three Crowns" Hotel.

Another part of the sign artist's job is to design the actual board and the iron brackets and beams from which the sign is suspended.

This wrought-iron work is a particularly expensive item, sometimes amounting to as much as £100, and often to half of that sum. But your simpler house may be content to forgo wrought-iron and be content with a stout oak beam, which is less expensive.

Some artists have devoted themselves entirely to this new subject. There is one in Sussex who has left his impress upon a wide countryside by the individual quality of his work. He happens to be in love with his job, and the proprietor of a small wayside ale-house, it

"Passing Show"—Twenty

This week *The Passing Show* celebrates its Twentieth Birthday anniversary with a bumper 96-page "Spring and Birthday" number.

It will contain a new serial thriller called "Room Number Four" by Will Scott, and many outstanding short stories by Luigi Pirandello, Joan Conquest, Warwick Deeping, S. L. Bensusan, Winifred Graham and other world-famous authors.

There are also important articles by George Lansbury, B. L. Jacot, Berta Ruck, Edward T. Woodhall and others; four pages of humour, and a sparkling interview with George Bernard Shaw on the road problem.

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motorists' road-house.

This artist is really
ploring no pioneer p
in painting tavern s
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the days of the mas
Hogarth. A North Wa
ale-house. "The Th
Loggerheads," has
sign painted
Richard Wilson, R
and Ibbetson, Sir Char
Ross and Millais
other names amo
British artists who h
painted tavern signs.

Of the renown
British animal painte
George Morland, it
said that frequently
would volunteer to set
a long outstanding
count for good cheer
painting a new sign
the tavern of his choic

It is in the path
these great men that
young English painter
now following, but
modern and more nom
dic manner. With an
car and a caravan trai
which serves in b
weather as studio,
travels the English cou
tryside, carrying wit
him a few examples
his art.

To the tavern-keepe
he offers to paint sig
for those who have non
or new signs to those wh
need such. And, as he
willing to grant conve
ent terms for the mo
humble inn-keepe
many country inns a
now flying his vivid a
colourful signs.

This enterprising you
artist also contracts
revarnish or repaint,
necessary, upon his pe
odical tour of the di
trict; and this enable
him also to accept pa
ment in instalments fro
those less able to affor
the outlay for a new sig

He will charge fro
£10 to £20 for the pain
ing of a sign, and the innkeeper mus
foot the bill for the board and bea
It is this young man, by the way, wh
has extended the newer fashion o
making the two sides of a sign differe
in design. Not in central theme, o
course, but, after all, "The Ploughman
can look very different on the other sid
of the board, and this makes it les
monotonous for the artist, too!

The tavern-sign revival is not confine
to the country, as we have state
Within the last few months one multipl
licensed firm ordered twenty-five sign
for its London branches, each one di
tinct and each one executed by a well
known artist.

See for yourself!

The example of the historical inn i
followed by the more modern tea-shop
In many a country town, on the tourist
route, you will find excellently con
structed signs decorating the exterior
of tea-shops.

There are some who are inclined to
deride this aping of an old fashion, but
why not? Such signs add colour and
interest to our streets. And they are
not so new-fangled after all, for once
upon a time every craft and trade and
shop had its own distinctive signs upon
the streets of Old England.

At any rate, the new interest in
tavern signs is spreading, and it is well
come if it adds new colour and anima-
tion to our city and country thorough-
fares and revives research into local
history and tradition.

The next time we pass under the sign
of the "Blue Lion" or the "Eagle and
Child," let us pause a moment and see
what the artist's skill has done to reveal
to us for what those ancient and
familiar designations stand.

In sanatorium 10 months—but

MORE IRON has made him strong!

Constantly ailing, this man "tried all kinds of remedies," but made no *lasting* improvement until he took IRON 'JELLOIDS.' The reason was that he had been treating the *symptoms* of his ill-health instead of correcting the cause, which was IRON-STARVED BLOOD.

IRON-STARVED BLOOD results in an under-nourished, for ever ailing body. The whole system is weakened; resistance to disease is lowered.

The only way you can correct IRON STARVATION is to give your blood MORE IRON, and the safest, surest, simplest way to do so is to take IRON 'JELLOIDS.'

Iron 'Jelloids' proved the "only effective remedy"

Taken regularly with meals, IRON 'JELLOIDS' rapidly strengthen your blood. Make it rich, red and nutritious. Every cell and tissue of your body is invigorated—as if awakened into NEW LIFE!

Before you have finished your first box of IRON 'JELLOIDS' you will be amazed at the wonderful improvement in your health. *Iron 'Jelloids' do not blacken the teeth* or upset the digestion. And everyone can afford them. The 3/- box lasts 36 days, the 1/3 box, 10 days. *Get a 3/- box to-day!*

His Letter says:—

"I entered —— Sanatorium and spent 42 weeks there in all. I have been ill with flu twice since and I have tried all kinds of remedies. I thought I would try IRON 'JELLOIDS.' This is the change: I do not feel the cold so much. I am EATING BETTER and have NOT FELT DEPRESSED. My colour is better and I FEEL STRONGER IN MYSELF. IRON 'JELLOIDS' HAVE DONE ME A WORLD OF GOOD." J.T.

Iron Jelloids

Soon restore Health & Strength

Of all Chemists: 3/- *(36 days' treatment)* 1/3 *(10 days' treatment)*

FOR MEN: No. 2a
Run-down and debilitated men should take IRON 'JELLOIDS' No. 2A. These contain quinine, and are the finest tonic in the world. Take two large boxes, and you'll enjoy your food and soon feel stronger in every way.

FOR WOMEN: No. 2
The best blood enricher and tonic for anæmic women and girls. *Cannot blacken the teeth* or upset digestion. Certain to bring the roses back to your cheeks. Also suitable FOR MEN who do not like quinine.

FOR CHILDREN: No. 1
Every growing child should take a short course of IRON 'JELLOIDS' No. 1 now and then, to keep up the supply of iron, and to ensure that the child's blood is always rich, red, and nutritious.

The word 'Jelloids' is a registered trade mark. No proprietary right is claimed in the method of manufacture

YOUR EXPERIENCE OF OTHER TOBACCOS WILL PRICE AFRIKANDER HIGH

Yet . . . it costs only 8d. an ounce. Marvellous value for such dependable, pleasurable smoking. Try it!

Afrikander MIXTURE

8D AN OZ

Flake or Shag

Mixture, Flake and Shag are available in ½-oz. packets 4d.

"IT SAVES AND SATISFIES"

Issued by Cohen, Weenen & Co. Ltd.

MOTHERS! HERE'S GOOD NEWS.

More Than Cod Liver Oil's Vitamins in Tasteless Tablets.

You've always known Cod Liver Oil was the best thing for your children. But how hard it was for them to take! Doctors have found your solution—little sugar coated tablets called Clotabs, as easy to take as sweets, and full of the natural vitamins of Halibut Liver Oil which scientists now know is even better than Cod Liver Oil.

Clotabs are simply wonderful for children who are weak or delicate or puny, and they're absolutely guaranteed to put on at least 3 lbs. of firm, healthy flesh in a month or you get your money back.

Here are just one or two of the wonders Clotabs have worked. One little girl who was very weak after Diphtheria and unable to go to school improved the very first week and put on 4 lbs. in three weeks. A little boy who was run-down and underweight gained 21 lbs. of sturdy flesh. Another little boy at Newark who could not gain weight after Tubercular Peritonitis gained 3½ lbs. in 3 weeks, his appetite increased and he became "happy and vigorous."

Just ask your chemist for a bottle of Clotabs, only 1/3 and 3/- the bottle. Remember, if they don't put on 3 lbs. in a month — money back! For useful weight recording Chart send 1½d. in stamps to Macleans Ltd., Gt. West Rd., Brentford, Mdx.

A Super Bargain for Housewives!

Abolish the old-fashioned methods of carpet sweeper and replace with an effortless, thorough cleaning Hoover which can now be secured for a few shillings down. Get full particulars of the wonderful New Hoover Junior model by writing to Hoover Ltd. (Dept. R.5), Perivale, Greenford, Middlesex. *Mention "John Bull" when writing.*

SUFFERER FROM PILES FOR 25 YEARS. NOW QUITE CURED.

That is the happy experience of Mr. W. P. S., of Long Eaton, who writes:—"I have been a great sufferer for the past 25 years, and have tried almost every supposed cure for rectal trouble. Some two months ago I had the worst attack I have ever had, being at home from my business for a month. I really thought I had finished my business career for good. I was advised that my only hope was a very severe operation. This I refused to submit to after using your treatment. I am delighted to say that I have never felt better in my life. I am absolutely free from pain, and have just received an acceptance as a first-class life from an Insurance Company (at 64 years of age). You can imagine this is like a new lease of life to me, as I can get about freely and am as active as I was at 30."

M. S. S., of Redmire, writes:—"I wish to thank you for the splendid treatment you sent me some time ago. Previous to receiving same I had suffered for years through Itching Piles, and hardly had a night's rest, but now I feel A1 and can sleep and rest in comfort. Your Magic Pile Cure is splendid, and I only wish that I could tell people about it as I feel sure many are suffering from this awful malady, but most people are shy of mentioning a cure."

With the Magic Brand Three-Fold Treatment no case is too stubborn or too long-standing to be completely and permanently cured. The easy application and wonderful powers of absorption of the Magic Three-Fold Treatment is amazing. It soothes and relieves immediately after the first application and effects a cure in the shortest possible time.

Sufferers from Piles and kindred ailments should write to-day for the Free Trial.

MAGIC LABORATORIES, M.N.23, NEW COURT, FARRINGDON ST., LONDON, E.C.4

RESTORE NATURAL WHITENESS TO YOUR TEETH

By Use of ANTISEPTIC TOOTH PASTE

Science so frequently provides a solution to our own particular problem. This is especially true of modern Dental findings. The latest theories are incorporated in KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM, the *proved* antiseptic, germicidal and cleansing tooth paste. Buy a tube to-day.

Of all Chemists and Stores

NOW 1/- (FORMERLY 1/6)

NEW LARGE SIZE 1/9

Ask your Chemist for particulars of HANDSOME BATHROOM FITTING FREE

KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM

FREE if you have ASTHMA

Here is the way to final freedom from perpetual Asthma attacks—and expense at last! These new Wonder Tablets contain medicaments included in no other treatment for Asthma—as soon as swallowed they commence to **ACT** giving **FASTEST RELIEF POSSIBLE**, then rapid immunity from continued attacks. Testimony from sufferers of **ASTHMA, BRONCHIAL ASTHMA, STRANGLING COUGHS, WHEEZING**, etc., is a record of modern miracles in the relief achieved, and the freedom from further attacks after years of hopeless suffering. **PROVE** it for yourself by despatching the **COUPON BELOW.** One of the worst sufferers secured "Immediate relief and **TWO NIGHTS REST**" from the sample only—**WHY NOT YOU, IT'S WORTH ½d. SURELY? DO-DO** Tablets are sold by **BOOTS, TAYLORS** and all good Chemists at **7 for 1/-**, or **30 for 3/-—why pay more, you cannot BUY more?** If they fail to rapidly relieve **MONEY IS RETURNED** by makers on receipt of carton and balance of contents. Why continue to suffer when **CERTAIN** relief is awaiting you **NOW? Use the Coupon.**

Immediate Relief & TWO NIGHTS SLEEP FROM FREE SAMPLE writes sufferer: Coupon brings same for **YOU** for 1½

DO-DO NEW FORMULA **ASTHMA TABLETS** 7 for 1/-

OBTAINABLE from BOOTS TAYLORS and CHEMISTS EVERYWHERE

COUPON

To International Laboratories Ltd 432e, Strawley Street, S.W.8
I have suffered from Asthma for ... years, please send sample Do-Do tablets

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

NO POSTAGE STAMPS ARE REQUIRED

THE BIG TWO

WRITE DIRECT — NO AGENTS

SEND YOUR BETS to the 'Big Two' for the LINCOLN AND NATIONAL

LONG ODDS quoted for every horse.

LETTER COMMISSIONS FROM 1/- up to any amount accepted in accordance with rules.

Daily Commissions bearing a time stamp not later than the set time of any race will be on at Full Starting Price or Totalisator Returns as desired.

ALL POSTAGE PAID

WINNINGS BY RETURN.

THE FAMOUS 'CHALLENGER' FOOTBALL LISTS

Fixed prices for Six Leagues.

NOTHING BARRED

Please send Future Events Price Lists and Weekly Football Lists. I am over 21.

Name .....

Address .....
J.B.

Town..... County.....

DAVID COPE & ALFRED H. MAURICE LTD
227 BATH STREET GLASGOW C2 & W.C.

OUR LETTER PARLIAMENT

BEST FILM EVER

NO film has impressed me more than "The Private Life of Henry VIII." From a production point of view it was excellent, but it was the portrayal of life under a ruthless monarch that stirred me most.

Many loyal citizens of to-day would have been rebels in those days, and this film must have intensified the bond between our present monarch and his subjects.

To-day we are ruled by a king of high human qualities, and when the curtain went down on "The Private Life of Henry VIII." I fervently murmured, "God save King George V!"—*"Contented," Glous.*

Tonic

The best film I ever saw was Walt Disney's "Noah's Ark." No other film has made me laugh until every muscle in my body had been loosened, until every atom of care had dropped from my mind, and my whole being was enveloped with a comforting feeling of "all's well."

It is the most marvellous tonic that all the British Medical Association in collaboration could have possibly devised.

Long live Disney, and may his irresistible fun heal the nations!—*Mrs. D., Dagenham.*

A Better Chance

"Sorrell and Son."

Unemployed and downhearted, I went to see this film. I came away full of hope and the will to do as Sorrell did, when, buffeted by fate, he succeeded in keeping his head above the mire.

His pride and faith in himself to give his son a good start in life, and the ultimate success of his efforts, have given me the courage to keep on striving so that my son might have a better chance in life than I did.—*W. D. R., Cheadle.*

A Moral

That wonderful picture "Metropolis" left a deep impression on me.

Its profoundly true theme that machinery would eventually oust man is rapidly becoming a fact as each year passes. Something went wrong with the machines, and a whole city was wrecked. The remaining few humans decided to start a new and natural life of happiness as we were meant to do.

What a moral for to-day!—*L. J. B., Croydon.*

Spirit Stirred

I shall never forget the thrill I experienced while watching "The Covered Wagon" about ten years ago. It stirred within me the spirit of adventure, and made me long to travel, like the brave pioneers of old, in search of new lands to conquer and cultivate.

The ranchers' log cabins looked like real homes where people could live happily ever after, amidst beautiful scenery and far from the madding crowd—and cotton mills, where I am obliged to work for a living.—*"Mill Lass," Rawtenstall.*

Grand Simplicity

It was the story of simple folks who, with the whole of Nature's forces against them, put up a great fight.

Food which was obtained with difficulty, and at the risk of life, was shared, making the islanders one happy family.

The quiet strength of character portrayed in the well-weathered faces of the men, and the beauty of expression on the faces of the women, brought a new charm to the screen.

"Man of Aran" rang true, and the very honest simplicity of it was a lesson to me.—L. H., Cambs.

Warning!

The best film I ever saw was "Cavalcade," because it made me think.

It made me think of the futility of war and its waste of human lives, to appreciate the passing of years so cleverly depicted by the husband and wife—her devotion and courage—and her splendid toast, welcoming with still the same fortitude a fresh New Year.

A picture for all, both young and old; a lesson, a teaching and—a warning!—*H. V. C., Hounslow.*

More, Please!

Far and away the best picture I ever saw was "Berlin," a silent film showing a few years ago. It showed, far better than can books or newspapers, the true life of the great German city from dawn until midnight. I wish there were more such educational films—it would expose the truth that human nature is the same everywhere.

For peace propaganda what could be better than a knowledge of the "other people," showing their daily struggles, similar in every way to our own?—*W. E. C., Perivale.*

Record of Daring

Photographed over twenty years ago with crude apparatus and under the most difficult conditions, the best film I ever saw could, when shown in the kinemas of to-day, put many modern films to shame.

It was "90 deg. South." Not a lavish production with a cast of many hundreds, synthetic scenery and fake thrills, but the immortal story of Capt. Scott's Antarctic Expedition.

A truly great film with real "he-men" heroes, a record of daring, courage and self-sacrifice, and wonderful scenery, superbly photographed by the late Herbert G. Ponting.—*E. B. S., Newton Abbot.*

Forsook Home

"The Barretts of Wimpole Street," up to the sick Elizabeth's rebellion, is the story of my own life.

I also am regarded as a delicate woman, and, in spite of my thirty years, forbidden marriage because of parental jealousy.

After seeing this film my sweetheart of many years urged me to revolt against parental control, as did Elizabeth Barrett.

After a struggle with my conscience I decided to forsake home. We planned an elopement, and the happiness I feel now coming is due to the influence of that best film I've ever seen.—*Miss D., Green Park.*

Good Servant, but—

My choice is "The Invisible Man."

It is so entirely different from any other film, and the photography of the "invisible" man is little short of miraculous. The comic scenes—a shirt suspended in mid-air and being wildly chased, or the spectacle of a suit of clothes standing erect and pouring liquids into an apparently non-existent mouth, are side-splitting.

But more important the power with which the tragic despair of the invisible man, damned by his own cleverness, is depicted, gives one a tremendous feeling that science, like fire, is a good servant but the worst of masters.—*E. P., Dudley.*

Masterpiece

The most wonderful film I ever saw dates back to the time when the heart of the people of this country were as heavy as lead—the time of the war.

"Shoulder Arms," showing Charlie Chaplin as a private in the front line, was enough to cheer the most despondent. There he was, in what was very much the danger zone, sharing the dangers, hardships and inconveniences as all the rest; but how amusingly he put his wits into play to save his skin!

It was a real tonic, and a masterpiece of good acting.—*"Torchseeker," Cobridge.*

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

When I saw the "House of Rothschild" I so clean and wholesome I wondered how ever I was able to sit through any other.—*R. H., Shrewsbury.*

Greater, grander pictures there have been, but the atmosphere of "Smiling Through" left me with a kindlier feeling towards my fellow-men.—*W. S., Pontefract.*

"Little Friend," because it taught me that it is folly to quarrel and argue with my husband in front of my children.—*L. H., Lincs.*

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published. 2s. 6d. for "Shorts." Envelopes marked "Letter Parliament" must reach 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, by first post Tuesday, March 26.

The Budget Tax I'd Like to See

FOOTBALL SELECTIONS

By our Expert—for Matches Played on March 23

FIRST DIVISION.

(1) PORTSMOUTH v. Everton.
(2) Wednesday v. Aston Villa.
**(3) STOKE v. Leicester.
(4) W.B. Albion v. Chelsea.
*(5) ARSENAL v. Grimsby.
(6) BIRMINGHAM v. Derby.
(7) BLACKBURN v. Preston.
(8) Leeds v. Wolverhampton.
(9) LIVERPOOL v. Huddersfield.
(10) Manchester C. v. Sunderland.
(11) MIDDLESBROUGH v. Hotspur.

SECOND DIVISION.

(1) NEWCASTLE v. Sheffield U.
(2) NORWICH v. Bradford C.
(3) FOREST v. Burnley
**(4) PLYMOUTH v. Notts County.
*(5) WEST HAM v. Barnsley.
*(6) BLACKPOOL v. Port Vale.
(7) Bradford v. Southampton.
**(8) BRENTFORD v. Oldham.
(9) BURY v. Manchester U.
(10) Fulham v. Bolton.
*(11) HULL v. Swansea.

SOUTHERN SECTION.

(1) GILLINGHAM v. Swindon.
(2) MILLWALL v. C. Palace.
(3) NEWPORT v. Southend.
(4) NORTHAMPTON v. Cardiff.
*(5) READING v. Aldershot.
(6) WATFORD v. Luton.
(7) BOSCOMBE v. Brighton.
(8) Bristol C. v. CHARLTON.
(9) EXETER v. Bristol R.
(10) Orient v. Torquay.
(11) COVENTRY v. Q.P. Rangers.

NORTHERN SECTION.

**(1) MANSFIELD v. Southport.
(2) ROTHERHAM v. York.
(3) Rochdale v. Crewe
*(4) TRANMERE v. Gateshead.
(5) Walsall v. New Brighton.
*(6) WREXHAM v. Accrington.
(7) Barrow v. DONCASTER.
(8) Carlisle v. Hartlepools
(9) CHESTERFIELD v. Chester.
(10) HALIFAX v. Darlington.
(11) Lincoln v. STOCKPORT.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

*(1) HEARTS v. Queen of South.
**(2) MOTHERWELL v. Airdrie.
(3) Partick v. Hibernian.
(4) St. Johnstone v. Rangers.
(5) Albion v. HAMILTON.
(6) Ayr v. CELTIC.
(7) Clyde v. Aberdeen.
**(8) DUNDEE v. St. Mirren.
(9) DUNFERMLINE v. Falkirk.

SPECIAL STAR CODE

As injuries to players and consequent alterations in teams may affect the chances of different clubs, we shall publish last-minute JOHN BULL selections in code in the *Daily Herald* and *Sporting Life* each Friday morning.

Example Code.—Div. I.—3 *(H)*; Div. 2—8 *(H)*; Southern Section—8 *(A)*; Northern Section—1 *(H)*; Scottish League—8 *(H)* would indicate Stoke, Brentford, Charlton, Mansfield and Dundee.

HALIFAX

THE WORLD'S LARGEST BUILDING SOCIETY
TOTAL ASSETS EXCEED
£102,000,000

REPORT OF THE DIRECTORS

to be presented to the Shareholders at the Annual General Meeting of the Society, to be held at Halifax, on Monday, the 25th March, 1935.

The Directors have great pleasure in submitting to the Members the 82nd Annual Report and Statement of Accounts, showing the operations of the Society during the Financial Year ended the 31st January, 1935. It is very gratifying to the Directors to be able to report that the business of the Society in the past year has been entirely satisfactory, and there have been large increases in the total assets and membership, and a record sum has been advanced upon mortgages.

It is interesting to record that since the amalgamation of the Halifax Permanent and the Halifax Equitable Building Societies on the 1st February, 1928, the united Halifax Building Society has more than doubled its business, as indicated in the following statement, namely :—

	Open Accounts.	Invested Funds.	Total Assets.	Reserve Funds.
1935	622,323	£98,794,103	£102,797,613	£3,853,509
1928	329,224	£45,520,281	£46,981,482	£1,461,200
Increase in 7 years	293,099	£53,273,822	£55,816,131	£2,392,309

ASSETS. The Total Assets of the Society at the end of the year amounted to £102,797,613, showing an increase of £10,154,922. This increase would have been greater but for the severe restrictions placed upon the receipt of investments during the year.

RESERVE FUNDS. The Reserve Funds, after providing for all interest and bonus allotted up to date of the accounts, stand at £3,853,509, being an increase of £499,945.

OVER £21,000,000 ADVANCED DURING YEAR.

MORTGAGES. During the past year the total volume of business in the Mortgage Department surpassed all previous records. The heavy demand for new mortgage advances was unprecedented, and the total sum advanced amounted to £21,694,200, showing an increase of £3,146,107 over the total recorded in the preceding year. The number of new borrowers was 37,516, being an increase of 4,576 over last year's figure. As an indication of the immense popularity of the Society's mortgage service, it is worthy of note that the average amount actually advanced per month exceeded £1,800,000, mainly to assist in the purchase of dwelling-house property. The total amount now owing upon mortgages is £78,099,086, showing an increase during the year of £8,491,555, and the total number of borrowers is 198,922, an increase of 19,320. Of this total 78 per cent. are in respect of mortgage advances where the present debt does not exceed £500, and the average amount owing on all the Society's mortgages is only £392 each.

During the year, the Directors have continued to co-operate with the Government in providing mortgage advances under the Housing (Financial Provisions) Act, 1933, for the erection of houses to be let by the builders, and a considerable number of mortgage loans of this class have been completed.

The mortgage accounts are again in a very satisfactory condition, and there are no properties in possession of Receivers on behalf of the Society as mortgagee.

SHARE AND DEPOSIT FUNDS. The amount standing to the credit of Investing Shareholders and Depositors was £98,794,103, an increase of £9,654,977 over the preceding year.

PROFITS. The net profit for the year, after payment of expenses and Income Tax and providing for all interest due to Shareholders and Depositors up to the date of the account, was £495,641. The Directors recommend that there shall be distributed, in addition to the interest, a bonus of 10s. per cent. to Paid-up Shareholders, Class 1, and a bonus of £1 per cent. to the Monthly Subscription Investing Shareholders. This distribution will make a total yield to the Paid-up Shareholders in Class 1 of £4 per cent., and to the Subscription Shareholders of £4 10s. per cent., both Interest and Bonus being free of Income Tax.

ACCOUNTS. The new accounts opened during the year numbered 110,907, and the total number of Shareholders' and Depositors' accounts open at the end of the year was 622,323, being an increase of 54,180 accounts.

The Directors desire most warmly to congratulate the members upon the exceedingly satisfactory business of the year and the strong and sound financial position revealed in the Annual Statement of Accounts. Not only has the past financial year been one of great prosperity, but a new landmark has been established in the annals of the building society movement by the fact that the Halifax Building Society's assets now exceed One hundred million pounds. By this outstanding achievement the Society has still further enhanced and strengthened its predominant position as by far the largest Building Society in the World.

ENOCH HILL, *President and Managing Director.*

New Balance Sheet and Full Information Free on Application.
HEAD OFFICES: PERMANENT BUILDINGS, HALIFAX.
London District Office: Halifax House, 51/55, Strand, W.C.2.
Over 360 Branches and Agencies throughout the Country.

PENSION AND £500 WON OUTRIGHT
Result of Crossword Competition No. 296

The only correct solution in the above Competition was received from—

M. GANNON, 24, WEST GEORGE STREET, SALFORD,

who, subject to the conditions of the Competition, will receive £2 Weekly for Life and £500, or one lump sum of £900.

Any other entrant who claims to have sent a solution eligible for a share of this Prize, must demand a scrutiny by First Post, Tuesday, April 2, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of Solutions and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the Award of £100 to Runners-up. This Prize has been divided between 47 competitors from whom we received solutions containing one error, and who will each receive £2 2s. 7d. A list of these Runners-up can be seen at the "John Bull" offices, and all have been notified.

A Crossword Season Ticket containing 80 Free Entries in our contest will also be sent to every Runner-up who submitted the £1 coupon in the same envelope.

In addition to the above Awards, the winner of the First Prize and each of the 47 Runners-up will also receive, in accordance with the conditions announced, a Bonus Award of a handsome Wrist-watch.

Supreme Awards were won by 378 competitors who submitted solutions containing two errors.

Turn to Page 44 now for this week's "John Bull" Must be Won Crossword offer of £2 Weekly for Life and £500 or huge lump sum of £900. There is also £100 for Runners-up and other valuable awards waiting to be won.

SODA BICARB IS BAD FOR THE STOMACH

Though a dose of bicarbonate of soda will often bring temporary relief to stomach pains, doctors say it is a bad thing to take by itself. In the end it only aggravates the trouble and in time may actually injure the delicate stomach walls.

What doctors recommend is the Powder which has revolutionised the treatment for all sorts of stomach trouble, Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. All over the country hospitals are using this formula for curing even things like gastric and duodenal ulcers, and it is just as effective for the simplest case of indigestion.

It is positively astonishing how quickly a dose of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder will bring relief to an attack of indigestion. Wind, fullness after eating, acidity, heartburn, any type of indigestion is relieved at once and permanently cured after quite a short course of this healing powder.

Only watch one thing, be careful to get the genuine Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. Do not risk an inferior substitute for the sake of a few pence. So ask your chemist for Maclean Brand Stomach Powder and be sure to see the signature "ALEX C. MACLEAN" on bottle and carton before you buy. It is not sold loose but only in bottles in cartons of Powder or Tablets, at 1, 3, 2,- and 5/- per bottle.

SKIN DISEASES
New Blood Remedy.
"Skin Soft as Velvet."

"I am pleased to tell you I am completely cured from that terrible disease, varicose eczema and psoriasis, from which I was suffering, and I can only thank Elasto for the wonderful and speedy cure. My legs now show no trace of the old trouble, and my skin is as soft as velvet. I think Elasto is the safest and cleanest and best blood purifier in the world. . . ."

(Signed) Mr. E. J. BEAUCHAMP.
30, British Grove, Chiswick, W.4.

The New Elasto Blood Remedy is bringing quick relief and permanent cure to thousands of sufferers from Eczema, Psoriasis, Dermatitis, Varicose Veins, Bad Leg, Piles, and other Diseases of the Skin and Circulatory System.

It is prepared in tiny tablets which dissolve instantly on the tongue and are absorbed directly into the blood stream, thereby actually restoring the natural power of healing to the blood! Elasto is not a drug but a vital cell-food which must be present in the blood to ensure complete health.

Send for Free Sample.

Elasto Blood Remedy is fully explained in a special booklet which we will gladly send, privately, post free, together with **Free Sample** and copies of recent testimonials. Write for these to-day, Now! Or send 5/- for a full month's supply (in plain wrapper) and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto makes!

The NEW ERA TREATMENT COMPANY Ltd. (Dept. 15A), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.
ELASTO WILL SAVE YOU POUNDS!

Eightpence only

. . . . . that's all I pay for my favourite Shag . . . . . and thousands more agree that "Digger" is the finest Empire Grown Tobacco, for it has a larger sale than any other Tobacco in the Country.

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DIGGER
SHAG

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GRAVES Beats the World For Quality & Value

Every Lady should write to-day for GRAVES DISPLAY of up-to-date Fashions illustrating all the newest ideas in Ladies' Wear, at prices which show a substantial saving. Wherever you live, our Keen Prices and Easy Terms are for YOU.

MENTONE Produced in a superfine quality small check **Suiting Tweed**, this model coat is cut in double-breasted semi-fitting style, with panel back, sloping flap pockets, button-trimmed cuffs, & Plain Velvet Collar. The garment is lined through with super quality Art. Silk to tone, and is splendidly tailored. Supplied in Fawn, Brown, & Grey. Sizes: S.S.W. to O.S. Lengths: 46 to 50inches.

27/6

Terms: 4/- Monthly.

WRITE FOR PATTERNS.

Send to-day for full range of Patterns, Post Free. Costumes, Coats, Furs, Underwear, Robes, Frocks, &c., all in the newest styles. Ask for Patterns of any kind of garment required, and a splendid choice, with a self measurement form and all particulars will be sent to you per return of post.

4/- Monthly

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SLEEPLESSNESS and WEAK NERVES cured without DRUGS

Acidity, Flatulence, Heartburn, Dyspepsia, Neuritis, Insomnia, Lumbago, Headache, Asthma, Indigestion, Rheumatism.
Throughout the world this marvellous South American Cure is working miracles. Removes all acid, purifies the blood and rejuvenates the whole system. Contains no drugs, bismuth or magnesia. Send for our Special Offer.

MELL'S S. AMERICAN CURE

7 DAY COURSE (a whole week's supply of Tablets) **1/3**

MELL'S TABLET CO., Dept. 50, J.B., 11 Argyle Road, SOUTHPORT.

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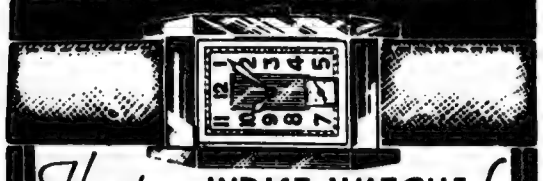
Thousands of sufferers from Kidney trouble and Bladder weakness have stopped Getting Up Nights, Leg Pains, Nervousness, Stiffness, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Burning, Smarting, Acidity, and Loss of Vigour by a Doctor's safe, pure prescription called Cystex Brand Tablets. Specially prepared to soothe, tone, clean and heal raw, sore Kidneys. In 15 minutes Cystex starts cleaning disease poisons from the blood. Brings new health, youth, and vitality in 48 hours. Guaranteed to cure or money back. Only 3/- from all chemists, or Williams, 81, Lamb's Conduit-st., London.

Don't overlook the
"John Bull" Shop Window
on pages 2 and 3 and
The Small Ads Worth Watching
on p. 6.

Be Quick for these Bonuses in

"JOHN BULL'S" HUGE PENSION plus FORTUNE X-WORD

★ FINAL OFFER OF THESE FINE EXTRA AWARDS



Handsome WRIST-WATCHES
Value 32/6, with all prizes of £1 and over; luminous dial; ladies' model if required - 5-year guarantee by maker

£2 Weekly For Life ... and £500 ... OR HUGE LUMP SUM OF £900

£100 Between all Runners-up

UNLIMITED SURPRISE AWARDS
To each sender of Solution containing one error more than Runners-up, we shall forward a Special Surprise Award with £1 Bonus Offer.
TO BE POSTED WEDNESDAY, APRIL 24th

BONUS AWARD Value £2
A Season Ticket [illegible] 80 Free Entries for our Crossword Contest for every [illegible] up from whom we receive [illegible] in same envelope

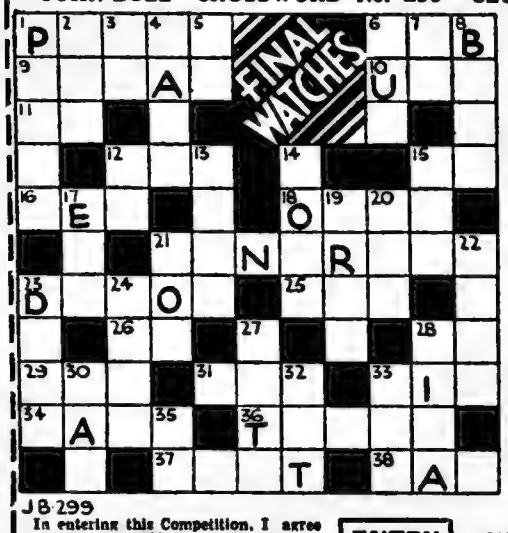
YOU must wait until next week for "John Bull's" 300th Crossword, with its Giant 7-day Contest to mark the great occasion. But here is our Compiler's 299th problem, as absorbing as usual and providing a fine opportunity for you to win a Life Pension of £2 a week with a nest-egg of £500 cash to celebrate your huge success.

Runners-up are catered for with liberal Cash and Bonus Awards; unlimited Surprise Awards are waiting to be won by entrants with one error more than the Runners-up, while this week we finally offer a handsome Wrist-watch with every prize of £1 or over.

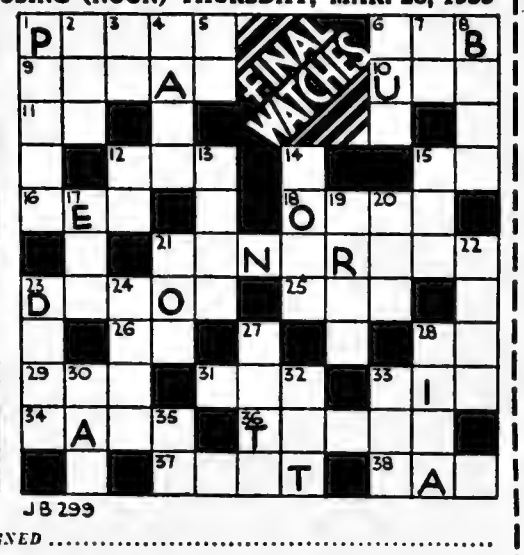
Noon on Thursday, March 28, is the last moment for your entry to reach Long Acre; post yours to arrive by then if you want a thrilling First Prize telegram from "John Bull" on Thursday, April 4.

"JOHN BULL" will pay a Life Pension of £2 a week and £500 (or a lump sum of £900) for a correct solution on one square of the puzzle below. Failing a correct solution the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £100 will be divided between those competitors who enter squares containing one error only, or only one error more than the winning solution. An extra Bonus of a Season Ticket providing 80 Free Entries to our Crossword Contest will be awarded to every Runner-up from whom we have received two sixpenny coupons in the same envelope. To the winner of any cash prize of £1 or over a Handsome Wrist-watch will be sent. A Surprise Award with £1 Bonus Offer will be sent to each sender of a square containing one error more than Runners-up. Solution of puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, April 4, and winner in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, April 11.

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 299—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, MAR. 28, 1935



J B 299



J B 299

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose

P.O. value ..... No. .....
Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE for 2 Squares 6D.

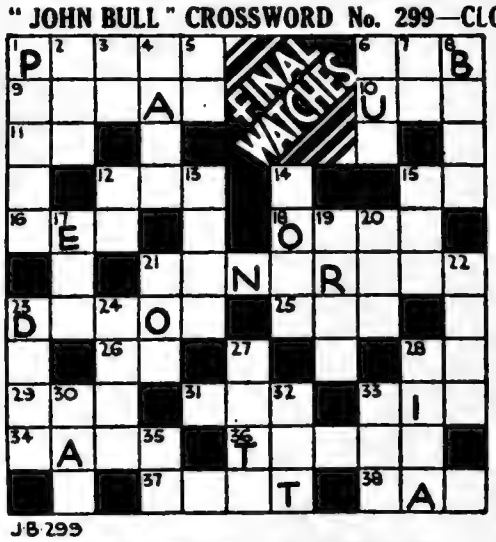
SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

CUT ROUND THESE DOTTED LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 299—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, MAR. 28, 1935



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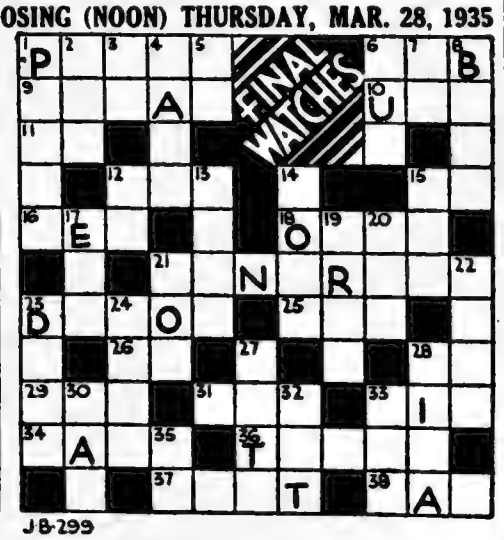


J B 299

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose

P.O. value ..... No. .....
Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE for 4 Squares 1/-

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

ENTRY FEE.
With two squares send P.O. for SIXPENCE. With four squares send P.O. for ONE SHILLING. Extra entries at same rate. See Rule 1.

ADDRESS ENTRY THUS:
"John Bull" Crossword No. 299, 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (Comp.)

Free Help for X-Word Entrants.
Send Postcard for free copy of "John Bull's" Crossword Gazette. Address Gazette Dept. 30, Bedford Street, W.C.2, or register on Coupon on "Bullets" page.

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED—ALL ENTRIES EXAMINED

Solution of "John Bull" X-Word No. 297.

Winners in Crossword No. 296 appear on page 43 Winners in Crossword No. 297 will be published next week. The Solution of "John Bull" Crossword No. 297 is given herewith as a matter of interest to our Crossword Competitors. We wish to emphasise that no claims are required, as all entries are carefully examined by our staff.

J B 297

STUDY THESE CLUES

ACROSS

1. Hath her victories no less renowned than war
6. Eve was created out of Adam's
9. Two are made one before this part of church
10. Put to some purpose
11. Take I from NIL
12. Suitor hopes she'll say this
15. Behead animal's doctor
16. Dress-makers do so for living
18. Not a nice way to look at a nice girl
21. These dogs often make best pets
23. Where trams or troops may be found
25. All some M.P.s do
26. Cut tail off large monkey
28. Centre section of Surrey's famous cricket ground
29. Word in Clue No. 25 Across
31. Keeping yours is usually a struggle
33. It comes before hooray
34. Miner carries a safety one
36. Are hummed through by millions each day
37. It often arrives through air
38. Few wipe their feet on

DOWN

1. Repairing these involves substantial skill
2. Measure of length invaluable to Crossword compilers
3. Pussy loses her head here
4. Good hiding is often provided by
5. Heard from hesitating speaker
6. To do this after defeat doesn't help
7. Word in Clue No. 4 Down
8. Something buckled is indicated here
12. Churchyard tree without its vowel
15. Trouble might come from isolated one on frontier
14. Sporting ones are most seen in country
15. Is like a gigantic worm
17. Dress materials are made to please
19. Helps horse pull cart up hill
20. Apartments are, by landlady
21. Unruly head of hair and useful for cleaning
22. Tommy apparently forgets why it's given to him
23. Here you put name of station
24. Part of head—and graceful tree
27. Many people live by these
28. Endorsement to a passport
30. Often gets help from crooks
32. Kernel is bit of one—so is the Colonel
33. Makes edge of cloth tidy
35. Letters in heating very soft music

READ THESE RULES AND CONDITIONS.

1.—Complete puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole entry form, whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry fee for two squares is SIXPENCE. For four squares send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it & Co.; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O., and fill in the number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post, as directed, to reach us not later than NOON, Thursday, March 28, 1935.

2. **In addition to the two sixpenny entry forms on this page, each entrant may submit TWO EXTRA SIXPENNY ENTRY FORMS, provided these are taken from "John Bull's" free weekly "Crossword Gazette." No entrant may submit more than TWO ENTRY FORMS from this page plus TWO from this week's "Gazette."**

Should any letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear, or altered or not given in ink, the corresponding letter on adjoining Entry-square will be regarded as entrant's intended letter for both Entry-squares. If entrant's solution cannot be so decided, Entry-square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3. Winner of this contest will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, April 11, 1935. Should any competitor not announced as a winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize, he must demand a scrutiny by first post Tuesday, April 23, 1935, in accordance with directions given with result. Any such scrutiny which may amend the result must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the Runners-up prize of £100, or the Surprise Awards. Accordingly entries are accepted only on condition that the result of our double searches establishing these winners is regarded as final. Errors are computed according to the number of words which wrongly answer the Clues given.

4.—In the event of a tie, a prize will be divided, but no competitor may receive more than one award per contest. Should first prize be shared £900 cash will be paid instead of the two-in-one award.

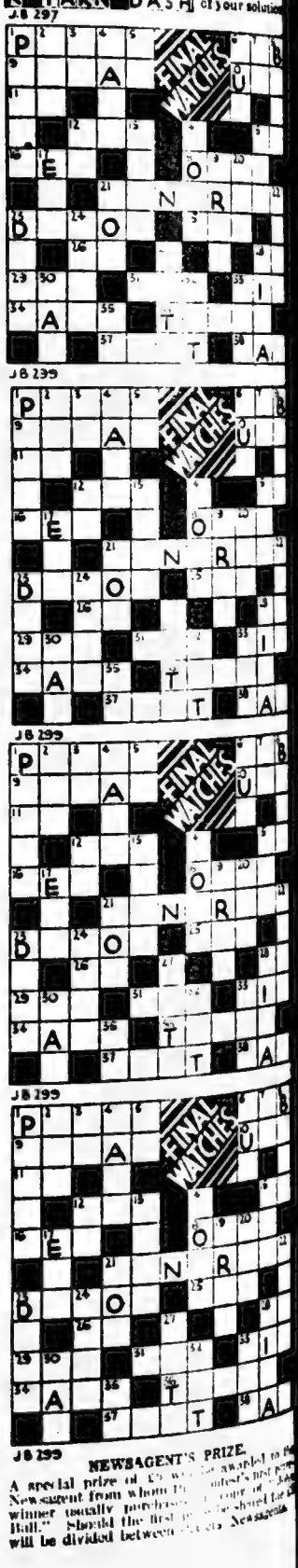
5.—Readers in Scotland are debarred from and cannot enter this competition. Any entry form bearing an address in Scotland will be disqualified.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

KEEP YOUR COPIES HERE

These miniature reproductions of this week's puzzle are on to be used for keeping copies of your solution



J B 299

NEWSAGENT'S PRIZE.

A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the Newsagent from whom the [illegible] winner (usually purchases [illegible] Bull." Should the first [illegible] will be divided between [illegible]

THE EDITOR LAUGHS LAST

Mrs. D. (Clacton):— "I like to see my husband come home in the evening, sink into his chair, put his feet on the mantelpiece and read the paper." See letter below.

Mr. D. (Clacton):—"I am continually losing small change from my trouser-pocket and cannot understand where it goes." See letter above.

OARDER (Bournemouth).—"Even when I take a bath without giving notice there is uble." You get into hot er?

THEATREGOER (West End). There is one unfortunate wback to every play." know—the curtain.

H. (Norwich).—"The glar escaped arrest by nging into the swollen r." He didn't shrink n it.

N. (Brighton).—"Swimrs generally have good pers." Although it is e usual for divers to go off at the p end.

iss J. (Edinburgh).—"My fiance, who bus conductor, is practically bald." ty of room on top!

MPLOYER (Cardiff).—"Cold weather ns to make people lazy." When its ty, it's easy to let things slide.

ATURALIST (Dovercourt).—"A bird learns how to build a nest." It twigs it, as it were.

V. S. (Hereford).—"Am I right in ing my dog solely on dog biscuits?" dog probably thinks it rather hard.

EN (Ealing).—"I must take exercise my wife objects most forcibly every I go to the covered courts for a game ennis." She plays the very deuce!

CKEY (Epsom).—"Owing to the illness man who was to act as a juror in a nt case I was called upon to serve." jury added a rider?

iss MODERN (Highgate).—"What is a rpin bend?" A road which twists like airpin—but then, you've probably never a hairpin!

N. (Edgware).—"My neighbour is stuck-up to weed the garden." You n wouldn't stoop to that sort of g?

L. (Putney).—"I make mattresses in dding factory." We are sure you are g your bit to combat the unrest ch exists in the world.

AVELLER (Chester).—"I think our ays would do even better if ideas railway porters were invited." They ld certainly carry a lot of weight.

TERESTED (Dulwich).—"I notice that y Rugby players make good anglers. onder why it is?" Doubtless they ys use the right tackle.

M. (Chiswick).—"To celebrate his hday, I read, an American business presented every child in his town a banana." Evidently he is in the e-setting business.

C. L. (Twickenham).—"I see that a has been advertising for a partner pen an 'All-the-Year-Round Bathers'." Evidently he wants someone to go ith him.

AN (Blackheath).—"I attend many of Club's' fixtures here, and although ave never played Rugby I think I the makings of a prolific scorer." have you never had a try?

RS. J. (Dulwich).—"My husband now odd jobs about the house on Saturmornings as it is now unnecessary him to go to the office on that day." we expect he wishes otherwise.

C. B. (Heston).—"The speaker was nteresting that I had to wait until had finished, although I really dn't spare the time to listen in." But heard him out.

R. (Nottingham).—"It was stated in rt, recently, that an ambitious young mber had been deliberately springing s in water pipes to increase business." was just bursting to get on, in fact. vo (Chester-le-Street).—"The wife's her was so absorbed in a recent radio , that when my set suddenly failed ran along to her son's place to hear finish." That's a good idea, anyway. did you do it?

WNER (Hyde).—"When I purchased my e the garden was stated to be half cre, but found, on measuring it, that as considerably less. I am now very atisfied." You have less grounds for faction.

E. (Norbury.—"The fair at the te City has convinced me that women ntors are increasing in numbers; but t is more interesting is that for every ntion there is a definite use." And if ladies have no use for it they invent

G. M. (East Ham).—"I moved my furniture after dark." That was a night shift.

A. K. (Bognor).—"The first time I rode on a roundabout I felt terribly nervous." It gave you quite a turn?

INTERESTED (West Ham).—"Should I go in for swimming?" We don't know how else would you expect to do it!

MRS. E. (Dulwich).—"A charity collector tells me that the average call he makes is futile." Not worth a rap.

FLAPPER (Ipswich).—"A poor stick of a man has just proposed to me." He may be a good match, nevertheless.

M. S (West Bromwich). — "Thermometers are cheap just now." They are usually lower in the winter.

PAINTER (Chelsea).—"Do you consider red an arresting colour?" Well, it often brings things to a stop.

T. R. (Goole).—"If apple-trees are pruned now, the branches will grow stronger and bear more fruit." Yes, and more small boys.

L. J. (Nantwich).—"During the winter months my wife always dries the washing in front of the fire." So she often puts your shirt on a horse.

D. R. (Coulsdon).—"A feminist advocates that married men should wear rings on their thumbs." Instead of through their noses?

M. H. (Sawbridgeworth).—"I am afraid I disturbed his conscience when I gave him a piece of my mind." You upset his peace of mind.

E. K. (Newcastle).—"I went to the talkies but certainly did not pay three shillings to look at a woman's hat." You had a complimentary ticket?

ALGY (Bedford).—"The other night I saw a well-known cricketer walk on to the stage playing a concertina." He was playing himself in, so to speak.

OCTOGENARIAN (Oswestry).—"On my bed I have a big feather mattress that I can sink right down into." And enjoy a deep sleep?

FARMER (Somerset).—"After I had paid the man for a hive of bees, I found he was a fraud and had none to sell." But you were stung, though.

P. B. (Manchester). — "A musical burglar has made his appearance in this district." He breaks into houses and song?

R. B. (Essex).—"Although we are always complaining to the Council, the town clock is generally five or six minutes slow." There's something wrong somewhere.

P. R. (Wivenhoe).—"Every chicken hatched this month should start to lay at the end of August." Then, in the case of cockerels, they will have something to crow about?

WRITER (Bexhill).—"The murderer in my thriller booked an apartment overlooking the valley because it suited the plan for his crime." He took a room with a view.

GLOBE TROTTER (Guildford). — "My chief difficulty is to find new, unexplored regions." You should try motoring on Sunday afternoon with a friend who knows all the short cuts.

J. M. S. (Hanley).—"How can I reserve seats for the Jubilee Procession?" By entering this week's best *Bullet* on a coupon from page 47. The First Prize is £500 and a Family Jubilee Week in London.

HUBBY (Bedford).—"My wife was cleaning a skirt with petrol in a room with an open fire and when I tried to explain the danger she got in a huff and told me to mind my own business." So you had a good flare up?

ARTISTIC (Chelsea).—"I went to an exhibition of modern art and one picture absolutely disgusted me. I can't think what the artist was thinking about to paint it." You think that hanging was too good for him?

DISGUSTED (Bromsgrove).—"I employed an accountant to investigate my business, but when he told me that after a year's hard work I was practically insolvent it knocked me all of a heap." You lost your balance?

DEPRESSED (St. Albans).—"If the head of the house goes down with the 'flu, his wife gets bronchitis and his children contract mumps, what is there left for his housemaid to catch?" The first possible train.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

IF you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. Write to-day. The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

THE KID

J. J. (Kelso).—"I had a swell time in hospital." Mumps?

AMAZED (Newark).—"The conjurer's hands moved like lightning." So he got a thunderous applause?

B. R. D. (Walton).—"How often do we find people searching for a gas leak with a naked light?" Once.

C. M. R. (Tooting).—"Would you advise me to join the fire brigade?" Certainly, if you have a car for it.

T. R. L. (Luton).—"While playing cards the other night I held what I thought was a certain nap hand, but my wife beat my last card." That was a nasty trick.

F. C. (Reading).—"Thirteen members of a football club are to travel to their next match by aeroplane, the team being picked during the flight." It's hard luck on the two who have to drop out.

"I've made Money with this Catalogue

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Startling figures! They show how great is the danger, how necessary it is to safeguard your home.

Let us look into some JOHN BULL homes and see how a little forgetfulness or something unforeseen destroys precious possessions and places the home in jeopardy:

In a kitchen, clothes hang on an improvised line in front of the fire to dry. In the absence of the housewife the line breaks, causing some of the clothing to fall on the open fire. This is just the kind of opportunity the Fire Fiend is waiting for! In a few minutes the fire spreads and the kitchen resembles a roaring furnace.

In another home, a mother places a lighted candle beside her bed. Worn out by the cares of the day, she drops off to sleep—and awakes in an inferno of flames!

A Lancashire housewife is preparing the weekly wash. She goes to the airing cupboard with a lighted taper to search for some clothes. Unknown to her the flame touches some of the clothing. Later she finds the room full of smoke, the cupboard ablaze.

We could take you all over the country to homes of our readers where fire was caused by a spark or hot coal shooting out of the grate. We could far more than fill this space with the names of readers whose precious possessions were reduced to ashes just because a clothes-horse was placed too near the fire.

In every case mentioned the reader had JOHN BULL'S Great Free Family Insurance Gift to fall back on. In every case a generous cheque from JOHN BULL made good the damage.

Is *your* home covered? JOHN BULL is the ONLY paper to pay Fire, Storm, Flood and Sickness Benefits—the only paper to add 10 per cent. bonus to benefits paid to readers of more than three months' standing. Registration Forms are below. For safety's sake, sign them now.

"JOHN BULL"—the only paper to pay Fire, Storm, Flood and Sickness Benefits.

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JOHN BULL

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To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature.....

Address.....

.....

..... Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B. 23/3/35

CUT HERE

Post this Form to

"John Bull" Registration Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....
Reader's Signature.

Age.....

Address.....

.....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.....

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..... Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return. PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 23/3/35

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CASH THE COUPONS
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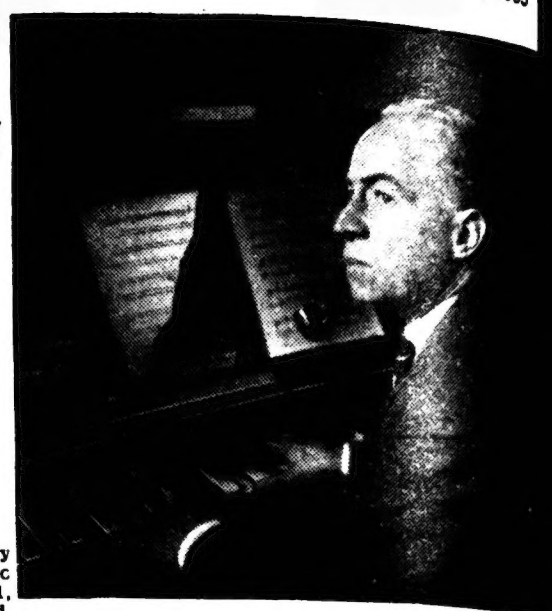
This coupon with P.O. for 2/9, plus 3d. postage and insurance, entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all-British self-filling Pen with 14-carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, guaranteed 2 years. Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. You may send 5 coupons and P.O. for 1/9, plus 3d. postage and insurance. State if fine, medium or broad nib. Pocket clip 3d. extra. Address: "John Bull" Pen Department, 27a, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.
VALUE 3D

TAILOR MUSICIAN strikes £600 NOTE



His hobby inspired his winning "Bullet"

MUSIC has given many pleasant hours to Mr. A. J. Warden, 51, Old Christchurch Road, Bournemouth. But it has never provided a happier one than he enjoyed one recent Friday afternoon after learning that he had secured the splendid First Prize of £600 and a Radio Set in *Bullets* No. 972.

* * *

Bullets and music are the twin hobbies of this big winner, writes a JOHN BULL representative, and by linking them he produced his homely *Bullet*, MELODY OF LOVE—MADE THEIR "COTTAGE" "GRAND."

"I play the piano, violin and organ," he told me, "and until a few years ago was the organist at the Charminster Road Congregational Church, Bournemouth. So I suppose it is natural that my *Bullets* often bear closely on the subject so near to my heart.

"In my rooms at 11, Oxford Road," he pointed out, "I have a fine piano of the type formerly known as a "cottage grand." The name suggested a phrase with a double meaning and at first I wrote my *Bullet* in the form, 'Makes Even Cottage Grand.' Next day, to give the effort a more human touch, I altered it to 'Made Their Cottage Grand.'

"I was introduced to *Bullets* seven years ago while I was in a nursing home recovering from an operation. I was tired of doing nothing, so a friend suggested I should start entering *Bullets*. It was the best of all literary competitions, he said—and the most competently judged. I have been competing pretty regularly ever since.

"Keeping at it brought me a £5 prize about four years ago. But this latest success has simply knocked me over. Curiously enough, I had nearly given up hope of making a *Bullet* worth entering for this competition, for I hadn't found an *Example* to suit me.

"Looking over the list again, however, I noticed MELODY OF LOVE—the last one. Then I made my *Bullet* on the only coupon I entered. That experience suggests some advice to other 'Bulleteers.' Read the *Examples* from start to finish and you'll usually find one that gives you an idea based on your own experience."

Mr. Warden always carries the *Examples* about with him, pasted on a sheet of paper, so that he can jot down ideas as they come to him. "I cut my list from *Bullets Bulletin*," he told me, "which I take regularly and find extremely helpful, especially in warning me against old winners." Tailoring, like so many other businesses, has yet to feel the improvement evident in some industries, but the sudden arrival of £600 has swept depression away for Mr. Warden.

"Anyway, it's going to give me a very comfortable feeling to know that this big cheque is in the bank," Mr. Warden assured me. Which prompts me to remind you that £500 cash at your bank would make a good cushion for you to lean upon. Win it this week, accompanied by a Jubilee Joy Week in London for yourself and family!

£3,000 IDEAL HOME FURNITURE AND CAR WITH UNLIMITED JUBILEE GIFTS Coming Next Week!

RESULT OF COMPETITION NO. 973

FIRST PRIZE, £1,500 AND FAMILY CAR, OR £1,625 CASH

N. DUNCAN, 16, Montgomerie Street, Eaglesham, Renfrewshire.

Example: CROONING
Bullet: CALLS FOR "LINGERING EXECUTION."

SECOND PRIZE OF £100:

J. E. RAYNER, 24, Marlowe Drive, Lincoln.
Example: Thinner And Thinner
Bullet: Differences. When "Hammered Out" (Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

THIRD PRIZE OF £25:

Miss N. LAMBERT, 10, Beaufront Terrace, South Shields.
Example: Teacher's Mistake
Bullet: "Training" Without "Winning" Child.

10 PRIZES OF £5 EACH.

C. F. CHURCH, 1, Sea Corner, Highcliffe, Hants.
If You've Got The Money—Good! Go, Do Good!

A. M. CRAWFORD, 38, Colney Hatch Lane, Muswell Hill, N.
First — Sentence "Extravagant," Life "Wasted."

A. S. DAVISON, Valley View, Dipton, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
In Sight—War? See St. Dunstan's!

C. P. HALL, Gilston, near Harlow, Essex.
Only An Englishman—Listens—Votes—Pays—Laughs!

G. T. HYLTON, 41, Birks Street, Middlesbrough.
To See Her Smile—"Pleasure" Unemployment *Didn't* Stop.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

R. McWILLIAMS, 47 Rathlin Street, Glasgow.
Leaving The Village—Stony—Returning, Lays Stone.

A. NEWALL, Whitehouse, Nash, near Ludlow.
Prize Idiot—Sceptic Feels, Congratulating Winner

Mrs. V. B. PULLEN, 75, Tamworth Lane, Mitcham.
Convention's Barriers—"Stiffness" Prevents Us "Jumping."

F. SMITH, 9, Oak Lea Avenue, West Melton, near Rotherham.
When Old Age Comes—*How* You're Old, Matters.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

W. J. WOODALL, 210, Perry Common Road, Birmingham.
Rifles—Wanted—And What Else!

10 PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:

J. W. ACTON, 342, Evelyn Street, Deptford, S.E.
Kept Alive—Missionary Rescued Cannibal's Radio!

Mrs. P. BRIODY, 214, Prescot Road, Aintree.
In Sight—Stationary Car Gradually Immovable!

E. H. CLARK, 48, Glanyrafon Road, Sketty, Swansea.
Telling Mother—"Some Other Unpleasant" Dad "Stumbling."

G. E. CLAYTON, 94, Hinton Way, Great Shelford, Cambs.
Dry As Dust—Judge "Will A Week."

G. E. ELLIOTT, Corona Cottage, Graysholt, Hindhead.
Prize Idiot—With "Uncle's" Prizes "Made" (Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

O. HANDLEY, 15, Alexandra Road, Burnham-on-Crouch.
In The Wars—Sonny Comes Home "Further" Base."

J. HIGGS, 45, Lyndhurst Street, Bursdon.
Wealth Of Love—Through Living, Not Saving.

J. JUNIOR, 5, Briercliffe Avenue, Blackpool.
Convention's Barriers Put Aside. Shingled Auntie!

H. NORTH, 23, Norwood Avenue, Southport.
Teacher's Mistake—Beating Dance. Beats Dunce's.

W. H. WITTS, 12, Alton Street, Ross-on-Wye.
At Daggers Drawn—Until Company's "Sword" Returned."
(Entered on "Season Ticket" coupon.)

A list of 25 £1 and 500 2s. 6d. winners can be seen at the offices of "John Bull."

ALL WINNERS HAVE BEEN NOTIFIED.

Historic Bullets First

£500 CASH and MILLIONAIRE'S JUBILEE WEEK IN LONDON FOR WINNER and FAMILY

Arriving Sunday, May 5, winner (and up to 3 members of family) will be feted by "John Bull" at luxurious hotel, provided with limousine and chauffeur, seats for viewing Jubilee Procession, theatre accommodation and every facility for the greatest Joy Week of recent years.

THIS WEEK ONLY

977

WHICH CAN NEVER BE OFFERED AGAIN

...and last 25 RADIOS in time for Great Jubilee Broadcasts

£50 £40 £30 £20
£19 £18 £17 £16
£15 £14 £13 £12
£11 £10 11 of £5

ALL ABOVE CHEQUES ACCOMPANIED BY SUPERB... 12½ GNS. Marconiphone JUBILEE RADIO

25 of £1 · · · 25 of 10/- · · · 500 of 2/6
2,000 RED SEAL 'TARGETS' · · · 8,000 'TARGETS'

JUBILEE JOY WEEK FOR £500 WINNER AND FAMILY!

THE splendid sum of **£500** may well be yours for a few simple words on one of the coupons provided—but with this fine cheque goes an extra award which makes fresh competition history!

Besides receiving a **£500** fortune, this week's First Prize-winner and up to three members of his or her family will be invited to spend Jubilee Week in London as JOHN BULL'S Millionaire Guests. The party will stay in luxury at a famous West End hotel with limousine and chauffeur at their constant disposal.

All the thrills of **Jubilee Week will be theirs**, including the **privilege of viewing the Royal Procession from special reserved seats.**

For entrants who just miss the top of this unique one-week prize-list a splendid array of graded cheques is waiting. And with each of these substantial cash awards goes a magnificent 12½-Guinea Marconiphone "Jubilee" Radio, giving you one last opportunity to win a wireless set in time to enjoy the memorable Jubilee Week broadcasts.

THE WAY TO WIN

WHEN starting on your efforts, remember that all you have to do is to add TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any *Example* and thus produce a *Bullet*.

Build your *Bullets* by easy stages. For instance, against the *Example* THE BURGLAR, you might jot down the rough note, *Lucky When Finding House Empty*. By carefully seeking better wording for that idea, you could readily improve it into the finished *Bullet*, THE BURGLAR—"IN" BECAUSE HOUSEHOLDER OUT.

For your further guidance, study this week's winning efforts on the previous page.

When you have absorbed the good points of these winners, make a start on your own efforts and see that your entry for this week's huge batch of Jubilee Prizes is in by Saturday, March 30.

USE THESE "EXAMPLES"

ON BRITANNIA'S DOOR-STEP
HEALTHY BUDGET
LIKE AN IDIOT
PLAYING TO THE GALLERY
WITH A TWISTED SMILE
BLACK MARK
EARLY TO BED
TO PLEASE GRANDPA
WALKING OUT
MY OVERDRAFT
MISSED
WHAT THE QUACK SAID
SHE'S A SOPRANO, SO
BETTER THAN EVER
"WHAT'S THE MATTER?"
OFFICE CAT
WASTING WORDS
MAN WHO CAN WORK
NO BEAUTY
GALLANT KNIGHT
DAY TO REMEMBER
SAD TO RELATE
OUR FAULT
FEELING FRISKY
ENDLESS CONFERENCES
LONGER
AMUSED THE POLICEMAN
ON A DESERT ISLE
THROWING MONEY AWAY
THE BURGLAR
YIELDING TO TEMPTATION
ON HER DIGNITY
OLD DOBBIN
HE'S GOT MILLIONS, BUT
DREAMS
LITTLE HELP

SAVE MONEY

By enclosing this new Easy Registration Coupon with your entry for "Bullets" or "John Bull" Crosswords and thus secure 48 pages of Competition assistance

FREE!

ENCLOSE THIS COUPON WITH YOUR "BULLETS" OR "JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD

Please register me for six weeks' free supply of "Bullets Bulletin" and Crossword Gazette. I have affixed 3d. in stamps to this coupon for postage.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

If not entering for Competition, post coupon direct to "Bulletin" Dept., 30, Bedford St., London, W.C.2

Affix 1½d. stamp here

Affix 1½d. stamp here

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being aptness, appropriateness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed & Co. Entrant's name, address and date of posting must be written on back of postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 977 usually purchase "John Bull."

The original cheque for £500 awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 972 will be displayed at Mr. Seitz's Bookstall, Post Office Arcade, Bournemouth.

ENTRY-FEE.—Enclose a Postal Order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each Coupon submitted. This should be made payable to "John Bull" and crossed "& Co."

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(977) Closing SAT., Mar. 30. | P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d. | Signed ..... Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(977) Closing SAT., Mar. 30. | P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. | Signed ..... Address .....

"Bullets" must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(977) Closing SAT., Mar. 30. | P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d. | Signed ..... Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(977) Closing SAT., Mar. 30. | P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s. | Signed ..... Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(977) Closing SAT., Mar. 30. | P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 5 Coupons send P.O. for 2s. 6d. | Signed ..... Address .....

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 977, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (Comp.)

Choose Your THREE And Get Them FREE

Marvellous

HARLENE HAIR DRILL

Offer to All with DULL, THIN, LIFELESS & FALLING HAIR

You are invited to accept FREE test supplies of ANY THREE of the world-famous Harlene Hair Improving Preparations described below. Just choose which three you require and send the COUPON.

1. HARLENE HAIR GROWER & TONIC

HARLENE is the true liquid FOOD for the hair. Its nourishing, stimulating and revitalising influence extends to every tiny hair root and shaft. In an amazingly short time **Falling hair stops falling. Lank hair takes on a new lustre. Bald patches disappear and the head is crowned with a thick abundant lustrous glory of healthy hair.** "HARLENE-HAIR-DRILL" is the most scientific and effective method of restoring growth, lustre and luxuriance to impoverished hair. It simply infuses new life and vitality into each hair follicle and revives the weakened tresses. Take care of your Children's hair! "Harlene" preserves, strengthens and invigorates it. 1/1½, 2/9 and 4/9 per bottle.

2. CREMEX SHAMPOO

Shampoo with "CREMEX." Its generous dainty perfumed creamy lather is delightfully refreshing and super-cleansing. It frees the hair from every trace of Scurf and Dandruff and is most beneficial to the scalp. FREE Burnishing Rinse included. 1/6 per box of 7 shampoos (Single sachets 3d. each).

3. UZON BRILLIANTINE

"UZON" gives just that final touch of distinction to the coiffure. This highly refined brilliantine gives a glossy appearance to the hair and is invaluable to those with overdry scalp. In Liquid or Solidified form. 1/1½ and 2/9 per bottle, or 1/3 per tin.

4. HARLENE WAVE SETTING LOTION

A veritable economy boon for ladies. Keeps the hair in wave for long periods, and makes the waves deep and entrancingly beautiful. Saves £££'s on Hair Waving Bills! 7½d. and 1/3 per bottle.

5. HARLENE CAMOMILE GOLDEN HAIR WASH

This is a dainty preparation which doubles and trebles the beauty of fair hair and gives it that glorious light-gold sunshine touch. Unbelievably fascinating and beautiful. Just the thing for hair that has become dull and lost its tone.

1/3, 3/- and 5/- per bottle.

6. ASTOL HAIR COLOUR RESTORER

If your hair is Grey, going Grey, or discoloured, you should use "ASTOL" Hair Colour Restorer which will quickly bring it back to a Youthful Colour—making you look years younger. Equally suitable for ladies or gentlemen. 1/9, 3/-, and 5/- per bottle.

SAMPLE COUPON

On receipt of this Coupon and fourpence in stamps to cover the cost of postage and packing, a set of any three 'Harlene-Hair-Drill' samples and a Manual of Instructions will be sent to any address in the United Kingdom. *State which numbers are required. Attach coupon to a plain sheet of paper bearing your name and address.*

EDWARDS HARLENE LTD. (H. 948), 20-26, *Lamb's Conduit Street, London*, W.C.1.

Stamp your envelope with 1½d. stamp.

This offer does not apply to Irish Free State.

60 HOURS A YEAR WASTED IN SHAVING

The Old Way

Take a Shaving Pot, Shaving Soap, Shaving Brush and a Razor.
Secure some hot water.
Rub the Shaving Soap over your beard. Lather vigorously. Make sure you don't drop suds all over the bathroom. Then start to shave.
If your beard is very tough, lather all over again and shave a second time.
TIME—15/20 Minutes.

Remarkable Time Saving, Money Saving Benefit of

HARLENE SOAPLESS BRUSHLESS SHAVING CREAM

DO you realise that shaving wastes 60 hours of your time every year? But it need never do so again! A new discovery—"Harlene" Soapless, Brushless Shaving Cream—saves 60 hours a year on Shaving!

SAVES TROUBLE—because it does away with Soap, Brush, and Shaving Pot, and renders it unnecessary to shave twice a day as some men are forced to do!

SAVES TIME—because it enables you to shave in 5 minutes instead of 15 minutes—saving 60 HOURS a year!

SAVES RAZOR BLADES—because the hair is cut more easily and the blade lasts longer.

SAVES THE SKIN—because the creamy base is a skin food. It keeps your face satiny, soft and youthful. 6d. and 1/- per tube.

Also invaluable to Ladies.

The New Way

1. Wet the face (hot or cold water).
2. Apply a small quantity of "Harlene" Shaving Cream with the finger tips.
3. SHAVE!

TIME: 5 Minutes.

Use also **HARLENE HAIR CREAM**

HARLENE HAIR CREAM is the latest and best Hair Toilet Aid for men. It gives an air of distinction and a sleekness and polish which is eminently natural and sets the hair without the least semblance of hardness. All Chemists and Stores, price 7½d., 1/1½ and 2/- per bottle.

TWO FREE GIFTS COUPON

Send this coupon with 3d. stamps and your name and address for Free 5-day Tube of "Harlene" Soapless, Brushless Shaving Cream and a Sample Bottle of "Harlene" Hair Cream to **EDWARDS HARLENE, LTD. (H.S. 946), 20/26, Lamb's Conduit St., London, W.C.1.** (*Stamp your envelope with 1½d. stamp*). This offer does not apply to Irish Free State.

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A 120